

FREDERICK
SPIEGELBERG



★ ★
Rare Book Dept. G. 3977.78



PURCHASED FROM THE INCOME OF THE
JOSIAH H. BENTON FUND

FN915: 10,8,37: 2M.



215 N 4
1785

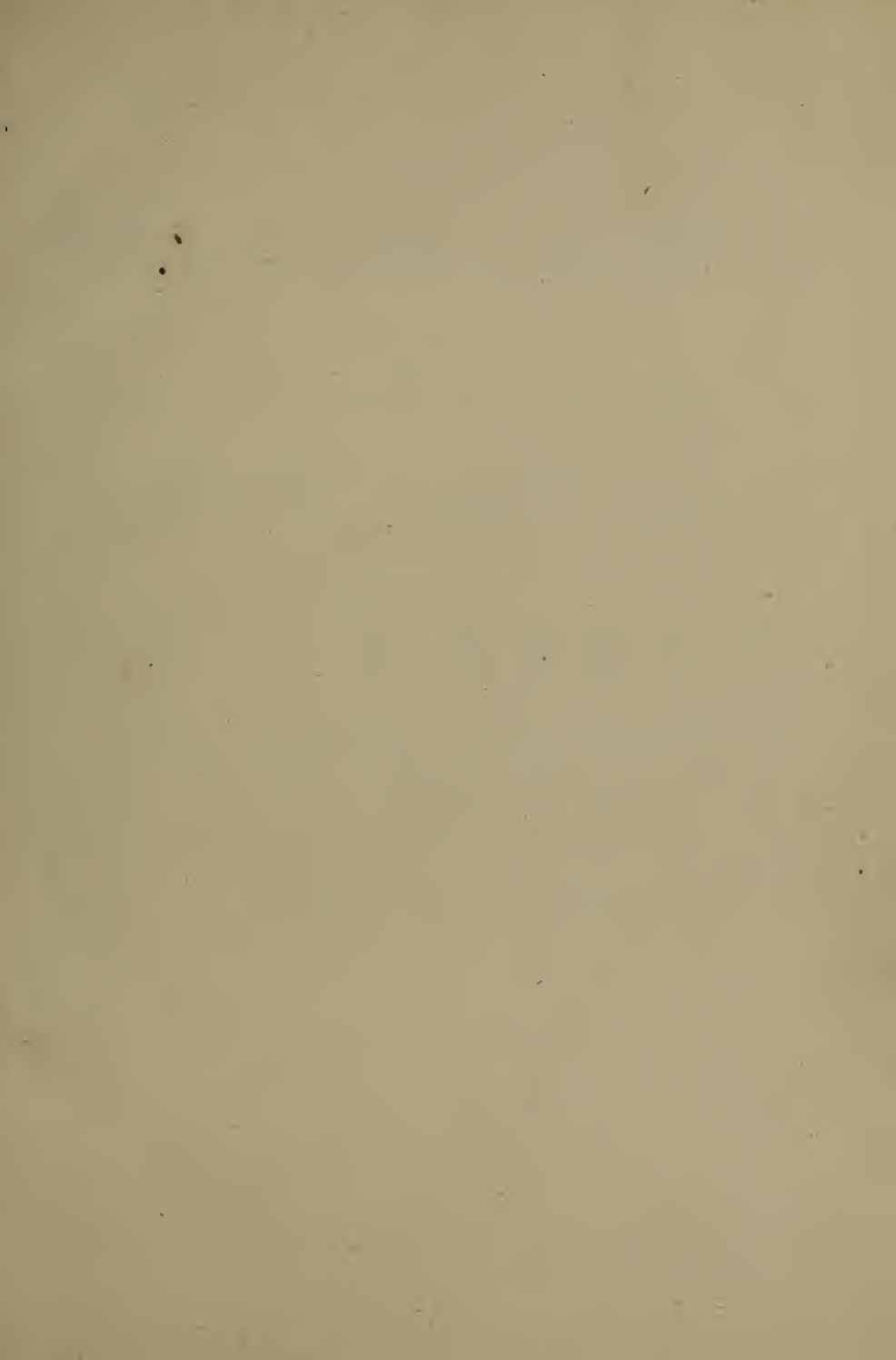
Muse

(41)

1st Edition

28750





T H E

Muse of New-Market:

O R,

Mirth and Drollery

B E I N G

Three F A R C E S Acted before the

KING and Court

A T

NEW-MARKET;

[The Merry Milkmaid of Islington, or the
Rambling Gallants defeated.
Viz. Love lost in the Dark, or the Drunken Couple.
The Politick Whore, or the Conceited Cuck-
bold.]

*Ut Pictura Poesis erit, quæ si proprius ster,
Te capiet magis, & quadam si longius obtes
Hec amat, obscurum, volet hæc sub luce, videri ;
Hec placuit semel , hæc decies repetita placebit.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for Dan. Browne at the Black Swan and Bible without
Temple-Bar, Dan. Major at the Hand and Scepter over against
S. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, and James Vade at the Cock
and Sugar Loaf near S. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet. 1680.

THE

Male of New-Market:

OF

Mirth and Drollery

BY

Three F A R C E S. Acted before the

KING and COURT

J. H. Benton
No. 118, 1937

NEW-MARKET

The Heavy Willingness of the Court in the

Assembling Gallies of the Court

Not to be lost in the Court of the Court

The Court of the Court of the Court

Sold

THE COURT OF THE COURT OF THE COURT
THE COURT OF THE COURT OF THE COURT
THE COURT OF THE COURT OF THE COURT
THE COURT OF THE COURT OF THE COURT

THE COURT OF THE COURT OF THE COURT

THE COURT OF THE COURT OF THE COURT
THE COURT OF THE COURT OF THE COURT
THE COURT OF THE COURT OF THE COURT
THE COURT OF THE COURT OF THE COURT

THE
Merry Milkmaid
OF
ISLINGTON;

OR, THE
Rambling Gallants
DEFEATED.

ACTED AT
NEW-MARKET.

LONDON:

Printed for Dan. Browne at the Black Swan and Bible without
Temple-Bar, Dan. Major at the Hand and Scepter over against
S. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, and James Vade at the Cock
and Sugar Loaf near S. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet. 1680.

J. H. Bentin

NOV 18 1837

A

The ACTORS' NAMES.

SIR *Jefferry Jolt*, a half-witted Knight.
Lovechange, *Wenchlove*, two Town-Gallants.
Anthony, a Clown, Sir *Jefferry's* Man.

VVOMEN.

Artezhim, the Lady *Jolt*.
Isabella, a lost Gentlewoman.
Margery, the Milkmaid to Lady *Jolt*, her Cofin disguiz'd.
Tapster.

The Scene ISLINGTON, or thereabouts.

LONDON

Printed for Dr. Brown at the Black Horse and Dr. Brown at the
Temple-Bar, Dr. Brown at the Head and Dr. Brown at the
St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, and Dr. Brown at the
and Dr. Brown at the St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street.

THE
Merry Milkmaid
OF
ISLINGTON.

Enter Sir Jeffery Jolt, Anthony his Man.

Sir Jeff. **Y**OU that call your sins your duty, obey your Ladies Riots, preserve her spittle to cure your salt Itch, and thred in Bracelets the Pearls that drop from her Authentick Nose.

Ant. Cuds heart Sir, what do you mean?

Sir Jeff. To cleave you from the Scull to the Twist, make nine Skittles of thy bones, and wind thy Heart-strings about my Thumb.

Ant. Sir, have a care what you do; so rotten are my limbs, that if you blow on me too hard, I am straight scatter'd into sand.

Sir Jeff. Coward, creep into my Hour-glass then, and there eternally distinguish fatal time.

Enter Artezehim.

Artez. What Slave disturbs my quiet?

Ant. Ne're look Sir, I serve my Lady, and scorn to yield.

Sir Jeff. Dost bristle Pork-pine?

Ant. Take heed Sir, I have the Malady of France.

Art. Withdraw your violence; if you disorder but a hair that belongs to my meanest Groom, I will proclaim my superiority and rule i'th' streets.

Sir Jeff. Hell cannot miss thee long.

Art. Insult in thy own Pigs sty, this Apartment calls me Sovereign: To my, send in one that waits there.

Sir Jeff. What will she do at last?

Art. A slow device Sir, but of my own brain.

Enter Lovechange.

Sir Jeff. What art thou?

Love. A kind Guest invited here. Sir Jeff. To what?

Love. To taste your Wives Gammons.

Sir Jeff. Bold Sir, be in your speech more plain.

Love. I come to get Children for you.

Art. Do you want plainer Paraphrase; he is my servant Sir, my Stallion if I please, a Courtly complement, and much in use among Ladies of my growth and blood.

B

Sir Jeff.

The Merry Milkmaid of *Islington*.

Sir *Jeff*. O my cold blood, this Woman will distract me.

Art. You see I'm furnish'd, now your Concubine may share you and the house in peace.

Sir *Jeff*. I stop my ears to thy bold clamours : But for you Sir, the minutes you must waste on Earth are few.

Love. This I consider Sir, and therefore make such hast to mingle with your Wife, that the kind World may have some Issue from my Loyns.

Sir *Jeff*. If this prove true, may Cats piss out my eyes. [*Love. draws.*

Art. Hold weak *Jeff*. or else I'll wound thy heart. [*Art. draws a Dagger.*

Love. If you advance one inch beyond that Chink, I'll through the streets blow your Dirge, with the great Horn that grows upon your Brow.

Sir *Jeff*. A whole shower of Gall is fallen at once.

Love. Uds life Sir, I come to ease the labour of your body, and you want courtesie to return thanks.

Art. Hang him ingrateful.

Love. But what hereafter I perform, shall be for your Ladies sake, not yours.

Sir *Jeff*. For all this, I know you will not wrong my Bed.

Love. Who told you so ?

Sir *Jeff*. I read it in your Noble Feature, and your shape.

Love. The better shapt I am Sir, the more cause you'll have to love the Issue I shall get upon your Wife.

Sir *Jeff*. I know thou scornst to do't.

Love. Not I, believ't Sir, I must do't; is your Lady fruitful, I would be loth to loose my labour on her.

Sir *Jeff*. Death and the Devil.

[*Offers to draw, they laugh at him,*

Art. I'll have a Trumpet and a Drum, and sound to the world thy living shame.

Love. O fie Sir ! what own your disgrace aloud, as if you were proud on't.

Art. Nay it becomes you finely.

Love. You think because you'r curst we'll allow you short Horns ; no, I'll graft upon your head a pair so tall, they shall go near to prick the very Planet that rul'd at your Nativity.

Art. He sleeps.

Love. Take down a Cushion and pray Sir, you cannot chuse but know the frailty of the times, the surfeits of the Womb, and how great Ladies use to relieve their appetites ; your own confession of my parts commends your Wife in her choice ; there be them that sin with feeble Ushers, and wither'd Dwarfs.

Art. He wants judgment to consider this.

Love. I merit better looks Sir, that must thrash all night for you, and without wages too Sir.

Art. Dead as a Monument let us leave him.

Love. Had he chose the Devil for his Physician, he could ne're come by the like Cordial.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Sir *Jeff*.

Sir Jeff. I follow you.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Isabella alone.

Isa. The day begins to break; and trembling light, as if affrighted with the nights disaster, steals through the farthest ayr, and by degrees salutes my weary longings: new fears assault me; 'tis a Womans voice, and chearfully expresses her freedome: Be propitious thou Regent of my Fate, and guide her hither to my comfort.

Singing within.

Enter Margery singing, as going a Milking.

Marg. What a pleasant life the Milkmaids lead,
She trips and dances o're the Mead;
She dabbles in Dew, and sings to her Cow,
And cries fond love, I desire thee now;
She sleeps in the night, though she toyls in the day,
And merrily passeth her time away.

Marg. Ha! what silken Butterflies yonder; she looks not like one that had kept her self warm at the Brick-kills; yet silk Petticoats many times are glad of worse lodging.

Isa. Goodmorrow Maid.

Marg. Should I salute you so, 'twould bring my wit in question: pray what are you?

Isa. A distressed Maid.

Marg. A Maid at your years, and so near *London*! where the sale of a Maidenhead at fifteen is as rare as a light Wenches Conversion.

Isa. Good Maid, Wife, or Widdow, for sure you are a woman, do me a courteous office, and guide me to some house.

Marg. It seems you are a kind Country Gentlewoman, that has bestow'd your Maidenhead on your Fathers man, and are come up to have a Citizen selder your broken ware; the policy is grown stale, 'twould hardly take, ever since the Ballet curst the Carrier that brought her to Town.

Isa. Do you from the abundance of your own ills suspect mine?

Marg. The Toy is angry, it would fain counterfeit something to make me her Agent but you are deceived my pretty morsel of wantonness, my self and my Pale are both honest; I am not the Blades Intelligencer, whether Doll and Mill remove their lodgings to escape the Constable, and Bridewell: I will to my Cows, and leave you to the fate of the morning; despair not of a Customer, but be sure I catch you not rapping, for if I do, expect no mercy, for I hate Hedge-coupling worse than fasting at *Christmas*.

Isa. If you are good, stay and comfort me, the sense of my distress stops further speech.

[*Sounds.*]

Marg. Ha! she sounds poor Gentlewoman; should she miscarry, I were in danger of being thought her Murderers; alas she's dead: why *Tony, Tony*, help me, a Gentlewoman is fallen dead.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. Why, what is she dead?

Marg. Nay, that's as hard to tell as the success of my danger.

Ant. Is she quite dead? *Marg.* I, I, quite dead.

Ant. And are not you in a pickle *Margery*? she is not dead, she moves.

Marg. Pull her by the Nose.

Ant. I, I, pull it off; no matter for spoiling her face, if she be dead.

Marg. Wring her by the little finger.

Ant. Her little finger is ring'd, and I'de wring it off if I could.

Marg. No robbing of the dead *Tony*.

Ant. Why, what a Devil should the Dead do with living moveables?

Marg. Cast water in her face.

Ant. Blow wind in her Arse; can water make one alive that's dead, unless it be hot water? *Marg.* She stirs, give her more ayr.

Isa. E're you return me to my angry Uncle, my soul shall fly, and meet with my dearest embraces.

Ant. Why, what a Devil do you mean, Mistress Gentlewoman.

Isa. You are murderers of all my content, you serve the world for base reward, and that shall render you base to opinion.

Ant. Prethee *Margery* let me conjure down this Devil in her tongue, 'twill raise a Tempest else, murderers and base? pray Gentlewoman, who do you speak all this to? *Isa.* To you, the injurers of my love.

Ant. Hey day! she's mad; love with a vengeance; come, come, I must take her aside, and give her satisfaction.

Marg. I pity your feeling sorrows, would I could comfort you.

Isa. Since my distress has made me an object of your pity, pray lead me to some house, for I am wondrous faint.

Marg. That I will, what e're comes on't, [Exit *Marg.* *Isa.*

Ant. But pray *Margery* forget not my Breakfast; rising early, and rambling about, has got me a good stomach; yet I could be content to fast with such laced Mutton, and a good Callice, more than half a morning.

Enter *Artzechim*.

Art. The blind that *Lovechange* and I cast upon our actions, must be withdrawn with discretion, lest my Reputation fall in the Encounter.

Ant. Here's my Lady; now for a trick to put upon her to revenge my Masters wrongs: Madam, as I was in the Market to fetch sweet Bryar, I met a Maid; she told me she was in danger of losing a piece of ground which was her own by Inheritance, and left her by her Mother, now there's a Knight would fain inclose it, and lay it to part of his Mannour.

Art. Where lies this Land?

Ant. Not far off; she would be content to let him enjoy it after her decease, if that would serve his turn.

Art. Has she given you any writing to make me better understand the matter?

Ant. This is the Survey, not only of the Mannour it self, but the Meadow, Pasture, Plow land, Coney-borrow, Fish-pond, Hedge, Ditch and Bush that hands in't.

Art. My,

Art. My Husbands hand to't, and a Love-letter; where had it you?

Ant. From the aforesaid party, that would fain keep the foresaid Land from the foresaid Knights fingers.

Art. Sir *Jeffery* turn'd Ranger?

Ant. Madam, you are a good Hunteress; though she love now and then to have a private Borrow ferrited for her own pleasure, yet she won't allow him to run down a Deer: Sir *Jeffery* would fain be a Ranger, but she requests you to let him run a Course in your own Park; if you'll not do it for love then do't for money; she has no Silver, but there's Gold; or else she prays you to Ring him by this Token, and so you shall be sure his Nose will not be routing in other folks Pastures.

Art. This Purse and Ring was mine, I know them; to requite your pains, take thou the Gold.

Ant. No not I, so I may be call'd in question if I came honestly by it.

Art. These lines are even, the Arrows love let fly,

The very Ink dropt out of *Venus* Eye:

To me he ne're thus writ;

But Lust can set a double edge on Wit.

Ant. Nay, that's true Madam, a Wench can whet any thing, if it be not too dull. *Art.* What is the Creature?

Ant. One of those Creatures that are contrary to Man, a Woman.

Art. What manner of Woman?

Ant. A tiny Woman, lower than your Ladyship by the head and shoulders, but as mad a Wench as ever untied a Petticoat.

Art. Why should she send back these, and by you?

Enter Sir Jeffery.

Ant. Ware, ware, there's knavery i'th' wind.

Art. Did not he send them by you?

Ant. Never, never, I hope you won't put that upon me.

Art. Are you so close you Baud, you Pandering Slave?

Sir Jeff. Why how now Wife, what's your quarrel?

Art. Out of my sight base Varlet, get thee gone.

Sir Jeff. Away you Rogue; what grown a fighter; prethee what's the matter, how you change, surely you are not well.

[*Exit Anthony.*

Art. All is not well indeed.

[*She kneels.*

Sir Jeff. Why dost kneel?

Art. Earth is sins Cushion, Sir *Jeffery*, Husband I dare not call thee; I have stoln that Jewel of my chaste Honour, which was only thine, and given it to a slave. *Sir Jeff.* Ha!

Art. On thy Pillow Adultery and Lust have slept, thy Groom has climb'd the unlawful Tree, and pluckt the sweets, a Villain has usurp'd the Husbands Sheets.

Sir Jeff. Did I out of a sound faith in you forget the Gostish Monster you entertained, thinking not to fret my soul by your seeming ludeness, and now to act the fault indeed; 'uds death, who walt made me a Cuckold, who wast?

Art. Your man *Tony*.

Sir

Sir Jeff. Worse than damnation, bold Strumpet, hang not on me; think't P'le be a Baud to a Whore, and my Wife too?

Art. All I beg is, use me how you will, but darken the Clouds of my shame.

Sir Jeff. How, conceal my Horns, they cannot be hid, nor shall my revenge; could not I feed your appetite?

O women, you were created Angels pure and fair,
But since the Fall you tempting Devils are:
You should be mans bliss, but you prove our Rods,
Was there no women, men might live like Gods:
Get from my sight henceforth, and from my Bed,
P'le with no Strumpets breath be poysoned.

But how drew you him in, or could he bewitch you, how was the manner?

Art. Why thus: First he assaulted me with this Battery of beaten Gold, Yet I held out; but at last, when this was shot, it charm'd me: what, do you change? who sent this Diamond to your Wench? could not I feed your appetite?

O men, you were created Angels pure and fair,
But since the Fall you worse than Devils are:
You should our Shields be, but you prove our Rods,
Were there no men women might live like Gods.

Guilty Sir Jeffery? Sir Jeff. Yes guilty, my Lady.

Art. Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth shun my Bed,
With no Whores leavings P'le be poysoned.

[Exit.

Sir Jeff. O'rereach'd so finely; 'tis the very Diamond and Letter which I sent; this Villain has discover'd all: well, this is the second trick she has put upon me; she varies more in mind than e're the wind had points, still I the fool must be; but if I break her, who is she or me.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Isabella in Margeries Cloaths, and Margery in hers.

Marg. I Hope you are satisfied; but to what end this change is, I would fain be instructed.

Isa. P'le tell you, when I left my Unkles house, in a few minutes I was pursued; now this disguise shall help me scape the search.

Marg. Now out upon't, had I no better opinion of your honesty than of your wit, both which smell altogether of the Country, I'de leave you to seek your own Adventures: you have gentilish'd me with your Cloaths, and you are handsome enough in mine; for though I am but a Milk-wench, I ever lov'd neatness: now you shall be my Maid, and wait on me to the City, if I find not out your Sweet heart, let me ne're be accounted a Prophetess; and I'm sure I have foretold weather from the turning up of my Cows Tail.

Isa. Dispose of me as you will now, love has arm'd me with resolution.

Marg. In

Marg. In this disguise I'll meet the Blade that Courts me every morning when I go a Milking to *Islington*, my condition is too low to win upon his desires to marry me, and the other thing without it he shall never have, for I conceive it will not be for my honour. [*Tony within.*

Ant. Why *Margery*, *Margery*, I say, my Breakfast; a quick supply of meat, drink, and sleep, or I rage presently.

Isa. Bless me, what's that!

Marg. Why 'tis *Tony*, my Masters Rogue, and my Ladies Knave.

Isa. He'll spoil all again.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. Where's this clean-wash'd Chitterline, come give me my Breakfast: Hay day! *Margery* gentlest'd, and this Mistress that was ready to die for love *Margerist'd*! Now I swear by Hunger, and that's a strong Oath, I think women have more Vagaries, than the Devil would have Clients, if he were a Lawyer, and pleaded without Fees.

Marg. Keep counsel Sirrah, you had best; and if my Lady ask for me, say I wont be lost long: so farewell *Tony*. [*Exit Marg. Isa.*

Ant. You will not be lost long, he's likely to have a sweet match of it that finds you, yet I could be content my seven years service were no worse rewarded, but the Baggage is as coy as an Aldermans eldest Daughter; she has beaten me a hundred times (Coward that I was for suffering it) for attempting to kiss her: if my hand had slipt going over a Stile or so, 'twould not have vext me to have kiss'd her hand so, though thrown in my face; but now I will revenge it upon her Cream Bowls, over whose sweets I will triumph.

New mischief, I am again delaid, if I forbear my Breakfast but two minutes longer, my Guts will shrink to *Minikin*, which I'll bequeath to the poor Fiddlers at *Islington* for a May-day Legacy.

Enter Wenchlove, Artz.

Art. Mr. *Wenchlove*, such a kind of woman my Maid met withall, but as how I am ignorant: Sirrah, call *Margery* forth.

Ant. Which, your *Margery* Gentlewoman, or your Gentlewoman in *Margery*? *Art.* Your trifling's unseasonable, Sirrah.

Ant. Why Madam, *Margery* is no more plain *Margery*, but *Margery* in silks, the Gentlewoman and she are run out of themselves one into another.

Wen. But where are they?

Ant. For ought I know run away one with another.

Art. Do you run after, and call 'um back.

Ant. 'Tis impossible, who knows which way they are gone? besides 'tis a mist would choak a Brewers Horse, I can't see one hand from t'other.

Wen. Madam, my suspicion prompts me you are treacherous, and these fair seeming undertakings traps to catch me.

Art. Nay then what Mr. *Lovechange* has told me is true: Sirrah, do you try to overtake them, and we'll follow.

Ant. Oh killing Command! the best is it break my Heart, no matter then for my Belly; Hunger I desire thee, Revenge I hug thee, I will lead

a Wild-goose Chase till I come to *Islington*, where I will score two dozen, and reckon with my Hostesses Maid, whose Belly I have fill'd with Mary-bones and Pudding. [Exit.

Wen. Now Madam, why do you look so wistly on me?

Art. I, 'tis so, now the love of mans society defend me from this abuser of Creation; come not near me thou man of Cloats, thou Mauking of Virility, thou half woman, and all beast, or with these Nails I will tear out thy eyes, and all the double things about thee.

Wen. Be milder Madam, there's nothing in me appears to my self so full of guilt, that it should deserve a reproach from you a stranger.

Art. There's nothing in you indeed Sir, your friend has given me your Character, you pretend to hate women, because women have reason to hate you.

Wen. I hate women by my love of pleasure, no delight has any relish on the wanton palat of my desires, unless seasoned with what's derived from them.

Art. Yes Sir, you may take delight in them, but they little in you; come not near me, there's infection in't; my blood desires no freezing, the Summer of my Youth is not yet half spent, or if it were Winter with me, high feeding and ease requires something.

Wen. She takes me for an Eunuch sure, *Lovechange* has overdone his part; she has soil'd him, and now he hopes my downfal: Sweet Madam hear me, I love you, and my desires are thoroughly fired, and burn my blood, which nothing can squench but your free enjoying.

Art. Say you so, why I am a Woman Sir.

Wen. I think you are, and one made up for pleasure more than the dull converse of what's defective.

Art. You say true Sir, I hear it with a heavy heart, but I hope Sir you would not have me make my Husband a Cuckold; I'll lead him by the Nose till I put a trick upon him. [Aside.

Wen. Fie, that's a gross construction; only shame and common knowledge does it, not the act of a Wives wantonness.

Art. I need no instructions for secrecy, trust me a handsome Gentlewoman, dare you kiss me Sir?

Wen. Now it may come about a Pledge for what shall follow.

Art. Pray Sir, is this a fit place to make ones Husband a Cuckold in?

Wen. Oh the fittest place in the world, let not any weak excuse rob my hopes of enjoying you.

Art. Sir, I desie weakness, should some of my servants come.

Enter *Isabella*.

Is. Ha *Wenchlove*! all the Race of mankind is false, I'll watch this eager pursuit he has put upon my Lady, and find a way for revenge; I do love, but 'tis honourably: and that's a Crime now a-days.

Wen. Come, come, we loose the time that might make the pleasure fruitful.

Art. In-

Art. Indeed I durst e'ne venture to make him a Cuckold, if I were sure you would get a Boy.

Wen. Oh! that's doubly sweet. *Art.* And shall he be like the Father?

Wen. As ever Citizens Son was.

Art. I mean my Husband. *Wen.* I am a Courtier.

Art. Kind Sir, you deserve it for your policy; but I am so fraid.

Wen. Mischief on these delays. [*Sir Jeff. within.*]

Jeff. *Artezhim*, where are you?

Art. O me! what shall I do? my Honour, my Honour!

Wen. Vexation racks me, prevented at the very point of happiness.

Art. Pray hide your self, Sir *Jeffery* will bolt out this way I fear.

Wen. Pox on't where, where? [*Gets into the Tub.*]

Art. Happy fortune; here's an empty Tub, get in as nimbly Sir, as if you were a leaping your Neighbours Pale to have a run at his Deer.

Enter Sir Jeff.

Jeff. O *Artezhim*! I have got a sound Bottle in my head, it o're-charges me.

Art. You make no scruple of pressing upon Womens Retirements.

Wen. Would he was drunk as the Devil with Wine mixt with *Opium*, that he might sleep for a fortnight. [*Speaks out of the Tub.*]

Jeff. Hum, what's that Wife? O my stomach's sick as a Cat after eating Candles ends. *Wen.* Would there was nine Kitlings in't.

Art. Step into the Yard, let not the servants see your debaucheries.

Jeff. O I am taken quick! why not in this Tub?

Art. Fie Beast, defile a necessary implement of Huswifery; you have been drinking of Healths to Cuckolds, your old frolick.

Wen. He might have been one himself, had not the Devil brought him home an hour too soon. [*Lovechange to them.*]

Love. O Madam! where's Sir *Jeffery*? Fie, fie, what flinch us, and run home.

Jeff. O my head, Mr. *Lovechange*, my head; what shall I do Wife?

Love. You have received a blow of the forehead, it looks as if 'twere swell'd.

Art. No Sir, you nor no man else has given him a blow there yet, I can't tell when it may be done, there's no more than what has been ever since I was his Wife, three years and more, a long time of barrenness.

Enter Isabella with a Pale.

Isa. O Lord, Madam! why stay you here? we are a coming to wash.

[*Throws water into the Tub.*]

Jeff. Oh! Oh! I am sick, I am sick. [*Runs to the Tub, Wen. starts up,*]

Wen. Hold, hold, 'eds will you drown'd me.

Love. How now *Tom*, what makes you here?

Jeff. Oh mischief on you Sir, you have spoil'd a good Vomit; I'll lay my life he hid himself from my Wife; you told me he was a woman hater: alas poor Gentleman, to see how things will happen.

Wen. Hell take your Wife, and you too; accursed woman that in your curse made man so; Pox of your delays, and fearful denials.

Love. What, scold so quickly after you Cucking?

Jeff. Good heart, but that he can't endure a woman, he should kiss my Wife for amends.

Art. I came hither Sir, for something else than to be scolded at.

Jeff. Come, come, vex him no more, P'le go sleep a little. [*Exit Jeff.* *Art.*]

Love. There will be a safe opportunity for me, I love this Cuckold-making.

Wen. Though you intended a Reformation for your self, you might forbear me, this was your plot.

Love. Mine! I never resolved staidness, but I could alter for my pleasure, nor can I hate or envy it in others, I am only sorry *Tom* that you should drink water after your sweet Meats.

Wen. O *Tony*, have you made any discovery? [*To them Tony.*]

Love. Have you been in search of the two Wenches I saw cross the Fields towards *Islington*.

Tom. O then you took notice of 'um; she in the Silk-Gown you shall have Mr. *Lovechange*, and the Milk-wench you shall have Mr. *Wenelove*, I have been condogging with her about it.

Bob. Thanks honest *Tony*, there's something for thee.

[*He takes the Money, his arms cross behind him.*]

Tom. So Sirs, now here, now there, and now here.

Wen. But *Tony*, what is the Milk-wenches condition?

Tom. Oh womanish, Sir; she'll cry when she's angry, laugh when she's tickled, and be sick when she can't have her will.

Wen. I mean her Calling. *Tom.* She is call'd *Margery*.

Wen. Her Profession then.

Tom. No: very honest, and yet very honest; she cheats all the world that thinks she is wanton; but you will find that neither your Aunts, nor your Cousins, can keep their Legs so close.

Wen. There's more money for thee, I will try that.

Tom. You are as bountiful as a new-made Knight that's in hope of preferment.

Love. But what sayst thou to that I must have; how was she born?

Tom. Why that you had best ask the Midwife.

Love. Is she a Gentlewoman, or not?

Tom. She is, and she is not; she is a Gentlewoman, because she loves pride, which makes Gentlewomen apt to fall, especially waiting Gentlewomen; then she is no Gentlewoman, because, because, because.

Love. Prethee no more.

Tom. 'Tis well he interrupted me, for 'egad I had no more Reason than a Horse: But Sir, I will bring her to the bar of your presence, where she may answer for her self, whilst I convert your bounty into wholesome nourishment, from a Bottle of Canary, and have about with my own Turnep. *Exit.*

Enter Isabella and Margery.

Love. By your leave, fair Maid.

Marg. What would you have Sir?

Love. A little pleasure Sweet; come, come, what's your price?

Marg. You mistake me, I assure you Sir.

Love. As if I had not practised Wenching sufficiently to understand a seeming modesty, I'll come to your Lodging when I know where it is: but say your price, a Guiney, or half a Crown.

Isa. Have I found you Gallant, 'tis he who I too fondly do affect: but mum, the truth is Sir, I have a Maiden-head yet, though it be agreed for, therefore I am dearer Sir.

Wen. Nay Sweetheart, thou shalt serve, thy Mistress is too dear, I am loath to pay too dear for Repentance; 'tis but changing Offices, let her hold the door for thee.

Marg. Pray speak, and mean civilly, you'll not be welcome else.

Wen. Good Lady light heels, give your servant leave to practise the Trade you have taught her, that such perfection as appears in this woman should be sold to every base desire: come Wench, I like thy brown complexion, thou dost not paint, and art the likelier to be the wholesomer.

Marg. Good Gentleman, he's jealous, and would circumvent her.

Wen. Here's half a Crown Girl, methinks 'tis a fair rate.

Isa. What's in me to grant you shall command.

Wen. I take your word, the pleasure of your Bed I must have, I will reward it with a new Gown; come dally not with coy denials.

Marg. I marry Sir, but not in this place; but if you please. [*Whispers.*]

Isa. Now Jealousie instruct me, I fear this woman's nought.

Wen. 'Tis a motion I like, the pains will make the pleasure more sweet in the enjoying.

Marg. Mr. Lovechange, I'll in a word inform you. [*Whispers.*]

Isa. How Fate conspires to make me miserable?

Love. I thank thee, and approve of thy advice; what say you Tom to the Fidlers?

Wen. With all my heart, send in the Minstrels.

Enter Anthony, old Hostess, both drunk.

Ant. I, I, we will be merry, and in the gallant fashion: Gentlemen, Musick is common, no man shall stop my ears, nor my throat, we must put in amongst you.

Love. By all means Tony, 'twill compleat the Medly. [*Dance.*]

Ant. Nay, we know what belongs to that. [*Love. kiss the women.*
Come away. [*They kiss, and reel out. Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Sir Jeffery asleep in a Chair. Enter Lovechange, Artezah.

Art. **O** The effects of drinking! I could e'ne curse my own kindness, that am ready still to make more of him, than he does of me.

Love. Why don't you then?

Art. What Sir, I warrant you'd make him a Cuckold.

Love. 'Tis only giving a friend leave to do you a pleasure in earnest, which you made me make him believe I would do: the truth is, I do now love you heartily, and have dallied my self into a flame.

Art. Nay, Mr. *Lovechange*, you were ever kind, but are you as well arm'd as you used to go if he should prove stubborn: now 'twill work. [*Aside.*

Love. No faith, I must trust to my single valour; come, demur not, let me enjoy those forbidden sweets, be assured my secrecie is as firm as Night and Locks.

Art. Secrecie, Mr. *Lovechange*, no, Plebe open to all the world, nor will I distinguish places, dark or light, 'tis all one to me, were it before my Husband's face.

Love. Hear then, he sleeps securely, never dreaming of any Foreheads arming.

Art. Fie Sir, you are such a tempter, pray forbear, many a woman would not hold out so long.

Love. Consent then sweet Lady, and we'll to it straight.

Jeff. (*Snores*) Ware Horns there.

Love. O mischief! what noise has waked him?

Art. An infirmity he has got to talk in his sleep: nay, I assure you, he will rise sometimes, and do the office of a waking man in his dream, and not know of it in the morning.

Jeff. Room for a Head-man of the Parish, a Monster of his Wives making.

Art. O wicked man! he dreams now that I would make him a Cuckold.

Love. Pray *Jove* it be no counterfeit. [*Sir Jeff. pulls Love. by the ears.*

Jeff. And have I taken you Sir *Lancelot*? would you be billing with my *Guinivere*? *Love.* Help to pull him off, Madam.

Jeff. For this attempt King *Arthbur* does degrade thee, from a Knight of his Round Table, to be a Squire of his Wives Body; so conduct me to my Bed, where I will beget a Race of VVarriours shall Cage the Great Turk again! and restore *Constantinople* to the Emperour.

Love. You mistake: Oh! 'uds death, my Perriwig is not a Turbant.

Jeff. Peace follows Victory, now let me rest.

Art. Pray Sir forgive him, I dare undertake he'll be sorry when he wakes, if any thing I can do can make amends. [*Smiles aside.*

Love. Prove his dream true, when the smart's over I shall forget.

Enter

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Madam, some Ladies in the house are not well, and desire your assistance.

Jeff. VWho wants assistance? who breaks the Kings Peace? fetch me a Constables Staff. *Love.* He'll dream again, had I best stay?

Art. Now Drunkard, are you recover'd yet?

Jeff. VWhat, Mr. *Lovechange*, and my Wife, where's the rest of your Company?

Art. Gone, being weary of such a Sot as you are, to be drunk so early: I had done well to have served you in your own kind; here was Company enough to have brought me home, and some not far off that used me kindly, whilst you snorted to fright the Fleas, and dream perhaps some wickedness of me.

Jeff. Come, come, I'll buy my pardon with a new Gown, and a journey into the Country for a Month.

Art. You know I am easie to be wrought upon.

Tap. Will you discharge Mr. *Lovechange*?

Love. Not so willingly, though I value it not; no revenge of this dreaming Fox: what is the Reckoning? *Tap.* Nine and eleven pence.

Jeff. How's that? let's have the particulars, Mr. *Lovechange* shall know how he parts with his money. *Love.* Shall he so, kind Sir?

Tap. Why Sir, Cakes two shillings, Ale as much, a quart of mortified Claret eighteen pence, stew'd Pruens a shilling. *Art.* That's too dear.

Tap. Truly they cost a peny a pound of the one-handed Costermonger, out of his Wives Fish Basket; a quart of Cream half a Crown.

Love. That's excessive.

Tap. Not if you consider how many Carriers Eggs miscarried in the making of it, and the charge of Isinglass, and other ingredients, to make Cream of the sour milk.

Art. All this does not amount to what you demand.

Tap. I can make more, two three peny Papers of Sugar a shilling, than you had bread Sir.

Jeff. Yes, and drink too Sir, my head takes notice of that.

Tap. 'Tis granted Sir, a pound of Sausages, and forty other things, make it right, our Bar never errs.

Love. This can't be, I'll talk with your Mistress my self. *[Exit.*

Jeff. I, do Sir, know what you do, put it to her Conscience.

Art. Owl, when do you think he'll find that, she's too deep for you or him either; prethee talk sense.

Jeff. No matter, he'll pay all; where is he Tapster? *Tap.* Gone Sir.

Jeff. How, gone! give me my Sword and Belt.

Tap. I must have the Reckoning first.

Jeff. Must I pay, must I?

Art. This revenge he took for your beating him in your sleep; I warrant you never dreamt of all this now.

Jeff.

Jeff. Has he such tricks? well, 'tis no matter, 'tis but a large Groat for being drunk. Here *Sirrah*. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

Tap. You'r welcome Sir, some profit comes from hence,
I have o're- reckon'd nine and twenty pence.

Enter Isabella, Anthony.

Ant. My Master must have a fair Course with you; and so he bid me tell you, besides what other kindneses he will do for you: but stuff your Pannier; he's resolved to do.

Isa. Ah *Anthony*! why should his lustful thoughts be bent at me? some timely Guardian Angel rescue me from his foul intent.

Ant. A Pox of this whining; what an unreasonable thing you are? there's hardly a quarter in the house that you may not rest your limbs in; and because he has a mind to tire himself in one quarter of yours, you count your self ill used.

Isa. When time gives me a more fair way of opening my self to the world, I'll gratifie thee, if you will but contrive or help to avoid this snare design'd for my ruine.

Ant. Why, is not this pretty? she refuses the thoughts of my Masters singly opening of her; yet in a breath, she says she'll do it to all the world.

Isa. I must confess I am a stranger, and have stragled to this house, and have received my Lady *Jolis* protection, but yet in return of their bounty I would not shipwreck my Fame: where's *Margery*? I'll straight consult with her about it.

Ant. I know what she'll say, Pox on him for a Baudy Knight; nay, and very likely call him Cuckold too, for she is pretty well acquainted with the Constitution of my Ladies longings; but since I find thou hast that out-of-fashion quality in thee, Honesty, I'll assist thee, and save thy Mouse-trap from being baited with Sir *Jefferies* dry Cheese.

Isa. O how shall I give thee thanks fast enough!

Ant. (*Aside*) Not a word; I am afraid she's fallen in love with me, and will come on with a powder when she falls to: so to secure all, I'll tell my Lady to spoil him, and fill my Belly soundly to fill hers: Mrs. *Isabella*, I'll not forget you, adieu. [*Exit.*]

Enter Wenchlove and Margery.

Marg. You are informed how I have design'd the matter; that is, I must be brought to your Lodging in a Basket, as some Moveable Commodity for your special use; my Master is coming this way, therefore about your occasions, I'll be at your Chamber instantly.

Wen. Well, pretty Maid, I will not doubt your performing your promise: to say any more, were but to retard my joys; I'll fly to my Lodging, where in the dear expectation of your coming I'll languish, not to be revived but by your sweet sight: so sweet Mistress adieu. [*Exit.*]

Isa. Oh unkind Wench! hast thou forgot thy *Isabella*, and all thy Vows and desperate Protections?

I must try the event, Dispair may bring

A good success to an indifferent thing.

Enter

Enter Lovechange.

Marg. Since we have agreed no way but that can be safe, therefore in that great Basket within be you packt up, and directed to me, I'll find out an excuse for my not showing you, I need not say any more.

Isa. Ha, my Brother with *Margery* too! what can this whispering mean?

Love. Pox on't, I do love this Wench; but if I can eat a Meal gratis, 'tis better than to have that Bug-bear Marriage for an everlasting standing Dish: I'll try all ways, if this fail, then I'll take her for better or for worse: Well, into the Basket I go, be as speedy as you can. [Exit.]

Marg. I'll bethere straight.

Isa. O *Margery*! thy instant help, or I am most miserable.

Marg. Hold, I know your grief, Sir *Jeffery*, is the cause, I heard him a dealing with *Anthony* about it, but I can blow that off with ease; make him an appointment, the time, place, and dress, and then let me alone to compleat the Comedy.

Isa. Thou hast mitigated my passion with thy promis'd assistance; but what said my Brother to thee?

Marg. Your Brothers, who's your Brother?

Isa. Vertuous Maid, I'll relie on thy secrecie, Mr. *Lovechange* is the man, but conceal it till your Plot has had its scope, then I'll discover more.

Marg. Ha! you Mistress *Isabella Lovechange*, and I not peep into you till now; 'tis she: well, since you have told me one thing, then I'll tell you another to requite you, I love Mr. *Lovechange* your Brother.

Isa. Love my Brother, O beware!

Marg. If my Beauty, which has been flattered for a taking one, can win upon his desires, I'll soon work him to what I please; nay, rather than the Project fail, he shall enjoy; but fairly, I have another discovery, but that's for the closing pin.

Isa. Well, as to your love of my Brother, I'll joyn with you when things are ripe, I have but one doubt.

Marg. What may be that I am not a Gentlewoman, you shall know that there's many a Gentlewoman has stroakt the Dog: Hark, I hear *Wench* love I must retire, call for the Basket, all shall be well. [Exit.]

Isa. I'll force my passion for once, here's the Gentleman: hold heart, can he be so near, and I not reproach him? [Wench. to them.]

Enter two men carrying a Basket, Lovechange in't.

Wen. Now Wench, is all ready?

Isa. I have packt her up like a Dormouse in a Box, I warrant you for hurting her.

Wen. 'Tis a good Wench, I'll give thee a fine Petticoat for this.

Isa. I thank you Sir; when you are a weary of my Mistress, and cast her off, as I know you must have change, you shall have my Maidenhead at the same rate; if you please, I'll keep it for you.

Wen. With all my heart.

Isa. Pray use her ne're the worse for my promise.

Wen. The.

Wen. The better I'll turn her off within this fortnight, and send for thee.

Isa. O Sir! 'tis not fit a Servant should shift her Mistress's Plate before the Bones are clean pickt; you have Flesh enough to hold out a Month.

Wen. It shall be a Month then.

Isa. Pray Sir let me ask you one question. *Wen.* Quickly then.

Isa. How many Maidenheads have you bought thus?

Wen. Some nineteen with thy Mistress.

Isa. Pray let me make up the score an even reckoning.

Wen. It shall, it shall; go away with your burthen-fellows, farewell Wench. [Exit Wenchlove, Basket.]

Enter Margery.

Marg. Now Mistress, what think you of it? have not I taken a course to let the Blades find their errour?

Isa. Now I am instructed wholly to commend your Vertue, and steer my course by your example; 'tis time to be gone, Lust is a gilded Pill,

It mocks the Sense with pleasure, but at last,

The shining out-side leaves a bitter taste.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Jeffery and Anthony.

Jeff. And is she resolved? shall I enter the Port securely?

Ant. The Harbour is deep, yet the water flows but seldome, the passage free from drowning: But should my Lady know this.

Jeff. Oh, ne're fear that, she has had her fling, and still she bobs me with it, only deviles to try me.

Ant. She has try'd you too much her own way, I believe therefore I think she need not doubt you now with any other: but the Plot is thus; the Young Sinner that must be, if you can make her so, will come like *Mother Red Cap* to buy Malt of you; then take her into the Counting House, and try what Figure you can bring her to; a Cypher you need not fear, and the round O is the compleating of your sum.

Jeff. *Anthony*, I'll give thee *Margery* for this exploit, but you must be very careful my Wife take not the sent.

Ant. I'll set a naked man in her way Sir, that will imploy her longer than you will be playing the blunt Prize of dried *Mary-bones*, and young *Coney-skins*.

Enter Wenchlove, two Men, a Basket.

Man. I'll vow 'tis heavy. *Wen.* That's strange, and she a light Wench.

Man. You say true Sir, 'tis enough to break ones back.

VVen. His mistake hits upon truth, rest you a while then, O witty Luxury! how it accutes invention, makes barren faculties beget new issues of rare conceits: Pox on't, here's Sir *Jeffery Folt*, he'll certainly stop me: Oh how I long to see how she looks after this close confinement! she thinks to have me closer anon, and so she shall.

Jeff. O *Tony*! so there's *VVenchlove*, what must we do with him?

Ant. Well enough, he's upon the like design, see what's in the Basket.

Jeff. O Mr. *VVenchlove*, what's here? let's see, I can't open it; what's in't? what's in't?

Wen. Would 'twere his Wife, I'd be revenged for this rudeness: let it alone, Sir *Jeffery*, 'tis only a thing that I have a great mind to experiment.

Jeff. Look *Tony*, what shall I do now? [*Enter Art. like Mother Red Cap.*]

Ant. To her, ne're mind him, ne're mind him: now 'ware a Storm.

Jeff. 'Tis needless to trifle time, I love, and must enjoy thee.

Art. Oh fie Sir! what will your Lady say to this, if we be catch'd?

Jeff. Fear not that, good Cuckquean, she'll ne're think of such a thing.

Wen. What, *Mother Red Cap*? how goes Cakes and Maidenheads? This is not *Mother Red Cap*: what, my Lady *Jolt*?

Art. Let him ne're see my face more. O indignity to my Beauty! die you weak Villain: O me! how shall I vent my passion?

Love. I can hold out no longer, let me out. [*Lovechange in the Basket.*]

Ant. Whence came this voice? what, have you got an Humble Bee in your Basket, or a Flesh Fly? [*Comes out.*]

Love. 'Uds death, I have been sufficiently mortifi'd. *Wen.* How came all this?

Love. I'll tell you, bargaining for a little pleasure with a young Gentlewoman, whom I thought to be a Wanton, she engaged me in this Adventure to come to her.

Wen. Pox on't, I am baffled in the same Noose, I expected her to be in the Basket: Oh! where is this witty Contriver?

Marg. Here Sirs, and am come to laugh at all your follies; for I know Sir *Jeffery* is in the same Labyrinth: but we must make all well again, for he was set on by *Tony*, and me; but he and she thought it true, Madam *Jolt* is privy to all this.

Art. 'Tis truth, *Jeff.* this I'll forgive, but no more, if you do, I go to work: Now Girls, if you were well fitted, a Husband is the least you can expect; and now *Margery* I'll discover, you was my Brothers Daughter, put to me to conceal for a time, the reasons best known to my self.

Isa. To avoid prolixity, see *Isabella*, whoever had a Chast Flame for this wild *Wenchlove*, and *Margery* for you.

Love. Then by joynt consent we'll end the day with mirth: to *Pancras*, and be marri'd straight; Sister, I am glad I have found you in no worse Company.

Wen. Then vertuous *Isabella*, do you forget what Heats of Youth has made me guilty of, and I'll remember to be ever just to you.

Love. And thou, *Margery*, deservest more than I can ever repay or express.

Marg. Let me have but all you can do, and I'll never complain.

Ant. No, 'tis I must complain, that thought to have had *Margery* instead of my wages: but for this trick, the next Maid that comes, down she goes, after once she has dropt a Duck to my Lady.

Art. You see, Gallants, what success attends your Enterprize.

Henceforth account not every lively Wife

Wanton, because she lives a merry life.

Jeff. So here's a double comfort, being wedded,
She's neither false, nor am I jealous headed.

[*Exeunt.*]

The PROLOGUE.

YOu'r not t' expect from hence the Modish Sport,
Abusing either City, or the Court :
The Poet's mannerly, and cautious too,
And neither will affront himself, nor you.
'Faith, both are needless, since 'tis done each day,
By you who judge, and him who writes a Play :
Nor does he Controversies set afoot,
But thinks it better if none else wou'd do't ;
Nor tells you what Religion he is on ;
May be, like some of you, he is of none :
You'r easily pleas'd, and please the Poets too,
Now that the Criticks have no more to do :
The Devil's in them that censure Farce and Show ;
Who'd be a Poet then, at least to you ?
Who, when he writes, is fool and Coward too.
How do you murther men of that Profession ?
There's hardly one that ever scapes a Session :
For once be courteous to a Country Muse
Untaught, such Tricks the Wits of London use ;
And in short time, he may find out the way
To write fine Poppet Plays as well as they.

The EPILOGUE.

ANd how ? and how ? Gallants, what is't but so ?
Our Female Sex abhors short things, we know.
But tell me, 'Faith, is it not better far
To ride in Flying Coach, than Dronish Car ?
Great Theaters, like Husbands cloy'd, move on,
Without long preparation nothing's done ;
We finish thrice, e're they have once begun.
One bout for Broths and Jelly cost you there
More than would buy six merry Pushes here ;
Nay, to oblige you, we'll truck Ware for Ware..
Tell me, good Housewives, is not the pleasure more, when Butter quickly
Than to be three long hours a jogging of your Bums. (comes,
To you, Gallants, our sport no trouble brings,
All your delight we know's in little things :
Likewise we so unconscionable are,
We covet to enjoy you only here :
Yet for variety, try all the rest,
That will convince you our things are the best.
See us again when you have roam'd your fill,
And, like good Wives, we'll make you welcome still.

LOVE LOST

IN

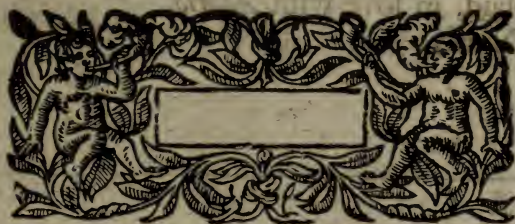
THE DARK;

OR, THE

Drunken Couple.

ACTED AT

NEW-MARKET.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *Dan. Browne* at the *Black Swan* and *Bible* without
Temple-Bar, *Dan. Major* at the *Hand and Scepter* over against
S. Dunstan's Church in *Fleetstreet*, and *James Vade* at the *Cock*
and *Sugar Loaf* near *S. Dunstan's Church* in *Fleetstreet*. 1680.

THE DARK

OR THE

Drunken Couple.

ACTORS NAMES.

A *Dorio*, a Libertine beloved by *Calista*.

Camillo, Lover of *Calista*.

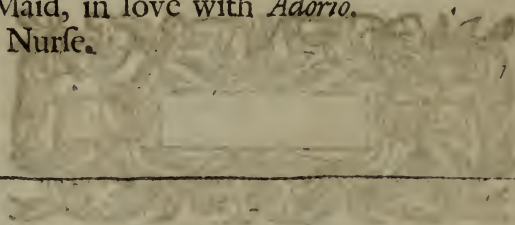
Callandrino the Clown, his Man.

WOMEN.

Calista, a vertuous young Lady in love with *Adorio*.

Mittilla, her Maid, in love with *Adorio*.

Muggulla, the Nurse.



LOVE lost in the DARK ;

O R,

The DRUNKEN COUPLE.

ACT I.

Enter Calandrino, and Muggulla.

Cal. **M** Adam Muggulla, you most joyfully are met to pleasure me.

Mug. It may be so; I us'd to pleasure many: here lies my way; I do beseech you, Sir, keep your own Voyage.

Cal. Nay, be not so short, I must with you.

Mug. With me! I pray Sir; what, what Sir, do you see in me?

Cal. Do not mistake me, dear Beauty, nothing but honesty i'faith.

Mug. Hang honesty, Trump not me up with honesty: do you mark Sir, I have a charge, and a special charge Sir, and 'tis not honesty can win on me Sir. *Cal.* Prethee conceive me rightly. *Mug.* I conceive you,

Cal. But understand,

Mug. I will not understand, I cannot; nor I do not understand.

Cal. But prethee Muggulla, let my young Master Camillo see thy Mistress; but look upon her, and do you stand by.

Mug. How's this? shall I stand by? what do you think of me? Now by the vertue of the place I hold, you are a paltry Squire to tempt my trust thus; I am no *Helen* to be deflowered of my Loyalty, by your fair language.

Cal. You mistake me still.

Mug. It may be my place will bear me out in'r, and will mistake you still, make your best on't. *Cal.* A Pox upon you, let him but have a glance at her.

Mug. The Devil's in you, he shall never see her.

Cal. This is a Croan in grain; thou art so testy, prethee take breath, and know thy friends.

Mug. I will not: I have no friends, nor will I have any this way: but now I call to mind, why will he see her?

Cal. Because she loves him woundily, and he loves her totally.

Mug. She hates him damnably, most wickedly, take that upon my word, and swears her eyes are sick when they see him: how fearfully have I heard her rail against him, and cast, and rail again? call for hot waters, and then rail again?

Cal. Ple believe a Witch that has been nine years dead, before this.

Mug. I have heard her swear, that he is the beastliest man: what a grief must this be? Sir-reverence of the Company, a rank Whoremaster, ten Liv-very Whores, she assur'd me on her Credit, with weeping eyes she spoke it,

and seven Citizens Wives, besides all Volunteers that serve under him, and of all Countries. *Cal.* The Devil never father'd such a Lye.

Mug. Besides, he is so careless of his body, which is a foul fault in him.

Cal. Come, leave fooling, 'tis a meer Fable drawn from thy Ancient Virtues; may be 'tis her Maid is angry with him, because he woo'd her with his Honour; and you mistake.

Mug. She hates him very well too, but her Mistress hates him heartily: Look upon him! on my Conscience she would see the Devil first, with eyes as big as Saucers; when I but nam'd him, she leapt back thirty foot.

Cal. That's a lye by five and twenty.

Mug. If once she smell him, (for certainly he is rank, she says extreme rank, and the wind stands with him so) she's gone for ever.

Cal. For all this he shall see her, and give her such a heat, that the Hoegoe of her Constitution shall perfume his Chamber for two long hours after.

Mug. Has he any new eyes when those are scratcht out, or a Nose to clap on warm? Is he proof against a Piss-pot? which if they bid me, I must throw upon him. *Cal.* Well then, a Devil take you, he shall not see her.

Mug. His Dam coddle you for his Supper, if he do.

Cal. Then be so far his friend, good parch'd-handed *Muggulla*, as to give her this Letter, and leave thy pleasant lying, or leave it in her Pocket, there's no harm in it, do't, and I'll take thee up a Petticoat.

Mug. Take up my Petticoat, I scorn the motion, I scorn it with my heels, take up my Petticoat.

Cal. And so hot, Reverent *Muggull*.

Mug. Sir, you shall find me hotter, if you take up my Petticoat.

Cal. I'll give you a new Petticoat.

Mug. I scorn your gift, give your Masters old Boots, you give a Petticoat: Alas, you'r too young Sir, you are too young to circumcize me that way; take up my Petticoat, I am a woman, a Gentlewoman, a woman of another way; he that takes up my Petticoat, shall have enough to do I warrant him; I would fain see the proudest of you all dare to do it.

Cal. Still mistakes: what a Pox do you look at the wrong end of the Prospective Glass.

Mug. Petticoat! you shew now what you are; but do your worst Sir.

Cal. A Wild-fire take thee, what ails thee?

Mug. I ask no favour of you, and so I leave you; and withall, I charge you in my own name; for I would have you know, that in this place I represent my Ladies Person.

Cal. The Devil could not have pickt out such a Representative.

Mug. Upon your life do not dare to follow me; for if you do, I know you have a standing that way: but if you do, look to't, look to't. [Exit.]

Cal. Go, and the Pox go with thee, if thou hast so much moisture as to receive it; for thou wilt have 'um, though a Horse bestow 'um; I must devise a way, for he must see her, and very suddenly; and Madam Petticoat, it all the wit I have, and this can do, I'll make you tell your charge and your place. But here they come.

Enter

Enter Adorio, Camillo, Calista, Mirtella.

Cam. I know I wrong my modesty.

Ado. And wrong me in being so importunate, for that I neither can nor must grant.

Cal. A hard sentence from him, I have chosen my Judge : Alas Sir, did I approach you with unchast Desires, a sullied Reputation, or were deform'd, as it may be I am, though many affirm I am something more than handsome.

Cam. I dare swear it.

Cal. Or if I were no Gentlewoman, and breed courtesie, you might with some pretence of reason slight what you should sue for.

Ador. I'm sure I should ; the Fleas are cursed troublesome : Hey day ! there's a Legion of young *Cupids* in my Breeches.

Cal. Pray Sir, name my defects ; when once convinced, I trouble you no further.

Ado. Then I will bluntly and truly tell you, you are too honest (a noted Libertine I profess my self) and talk too soon of Marriage : Can I part with my uncurbed liberty, and on my Neck wear such a heavy Yoak ? No, let crooked Hams, declining Shoulders, furrow'd Checks, be aw'd by Ceremonies ; if you love me in the way young people should, I'll fly to meet you, and we'll meet merrily.

Cal. 'Tis strange such a man can use such language.

Ado. My tongue speaks my heart freely : Fair one, think on't, a close or private Mistress is Court Rhetorick ; a Wife is a meer rustick device ; and so good morrow. *Cam.* How like you this, *Calandrino* ?

Cal. A well-bred Gentleman ; I am now thinking whether or no in the dark, or drunk, I formerly might not have met his Mother ; he must have some drops of my blood in him, for at his years I was much of his Religion.

Ado. You may perceive I seek not to displant you, where you desire to grow ; for further thanks, 'tis needless complement. [*Cam. stops him.*]

Cam. Only your patience one moment.

Ado. Sir, be brief then. *Mirt.* Pray, observe. [*Cam. shrugs, makes faces.*]

Cal. How he looks like a School-boy that has plaid the Truant, and went to be Breeched. *Cam.* Madam.

Cal. A new affliction ; after all this preparation, I am obliged to hear you.

Cam. Madam --- while I at all parts (without boast) his Equal, in vain pursue you, you follow one that with winged feet flies from you, and attempts to undermine the Fortress of your Honour ; nay, and more, your Virgin Honour.

Ado. My friend *Camillo* here's an Ass ; what a Devil has he to do with Virgin Honour ? when he should speak to the purpose, of the delight to meet in the old Dance between a pair of sheets, my Granam calls it the peopling of the World.

Cal. To vindicate my Honour, is needless ; I don't fear the worst aspersion malice can throw upon it.

Cam. Can you undergo the scorn of being refused, for which I deeply
suffer ?

24 Love lost in the Dark; or, the Drunken Couple.

suffer? I must confess it makes for my ends; but his ills shan't make way for my good intents.

Ado. You take that Sir, which yet I never granted.

Cam. *Calandrino*, stand to me, I'll force more, Sir; was she, this excellent she, mad to be a slave to your lusts, and used as Physick after drunken Surfeits? mankind must rise against thee, must we not, *Calandrino*?

Cal. I, I, come, come, mankind must rise about it.

[*Camillo draws. Callandrino.*]

Calist. Murther! *Mirt.* Help!

Cal. Nay, nay, stand still, or you'r disabled for ever. *Ado.* 'Uds death.

Cal. After a whining Prologue, who would look for such a rough Catastrophe? nay, come Sir, fear nothing; and do you hear Sir, yet I love you too; if you take the Wench now, I'll post it first, then Chronicle you were beaten to't.

Ado. A memorable piece of valour this between you; it may perhaps deserve her Shooe-string for a Favour; wear it without my envy, but expect for this affront, when time serves, I shall call you to a strict account. [*Exit.*]

Cal. Nay, let him go to thy Mistress Boy; if I were in thy shirt, how I could nick it?

Cam. Madam, I fear my passion has offended; 'twas my excess of love to do you right.

Calist. You have sought my favours Nobly, and I am justly punished in wild *Adorio's* contempt and scorn: more I cannot say, but that I truly pity you, and wish you a better choice, which in my prayers, *Camillo*, I ever will remember. [*Exit.*]

Cal. 'Tis a sweet Rogue, what Thunder-struck!

Cam. I am not so happy: O that I were but Master of my self, you should soon find me nothing. *Cal.* What would you do?

Cam. With one stab give a fatal period to my woes and life together.

Cal. For a Woman, better the Kind were lost, and Generation maintained a new way. *Cam.* Yet all this is nothing to *Calista*.

Cal. Down into the Country amongst your Tenants, there you shall command twenty *Calista's*, for every night a fresh and lussy one, Nut-brown wholesome Girles, I have bred 'um to it; should their Fathers murmur, straight his Lease is void.

Cam. Hang thee, and thy folly, come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Calista, Mirrilla, and Muggulla.

Mug. Censur'd, Madam! what Lord or Lady lives worthy to sit a competent Judge on you?

Calist. Yet black detraction will find faults, when there are none.

Mug. Her foul mouth is stopt; you being the Object, rest secure of this, all the Braveries of the City run mad for you: Come, come, 'tis nothing for you, being a simple Maid, that never had a hand in the Honey-pot of Pleasure, to forbear it: but such as have lickt there, and lickt there often, and felt the sweetness, will--

Mirt.

Mirt. How her mouth runs o're with the rank imagination?

Mug. If such can, as I nam'd before, the Kickshaw being offer'd, refuse to take it, they may be Sainted, though for my part I don't think it possible to be deni'd.

Cal. Not stir abroad, the use and pleasure of my eyes denied me?

Mirt. Insufferable ! *Cal.* Nor write, nor yet receive an amorous Letter?

Mirt. Not to be endured. *Cal.* Nor look upon a man?

Mug. Flat tyranny, insupportable tyranny to a Lady of young blood.

Cal. She is my Mother that commands it, how shall I decline it ?

Mirt. Run away, take any course.

Cal. But without means, how shall we live?

Mug. What a question's that ? as if a Bucksome Lady could want maintenance in any place in the world where there are men, wine, meat or money stirring.

Cal. Rather than in a thought or dream, I'll consent to ought that may take from my Honour, I'll endure more than my Mother can impose upon me.

Mug. I grant your Honour is a glorious dressing, but without conversation of men a kind of nothing ; she may as well command you when you are a hungry not to eat, or drink, or sleep ; and yet all these are easie, compar'd to the not seeing of a man : I will not urge *Camillo's* love, but make tryal of *Adorio*. *Cal.* And give my Honour to his lust.

Mug. There's no such thing intended, Madam ; yet now I think on't, write to 'um both, catch one fast, and then throw the other in *Mirtilla's* mouth.

Cal. 'Tis a business to be considered on.

Mug. When the satisfaction of your love's in question, to talk of consideration is of no moment ; if your Mother would allow you a Dancer in the morning to well-breath you, a Songster in the afternoon to open your Pipes, a Servant to air you in the evening, you might bear it ; but not to see, or talk, or touch a man, O abominable !

Cal. Do not my blushes speak how willingly I would assent ?

Mirt. Do something, Madam, to deserve 'um, and blush after.

Mug. I, I, do something as *Mirtilla*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter Camillo ; Callandrino meets him.

Cal. Sir, Sir, are you ready ?

Cam. To do what ? I am sure 'tis not yet Dinner time.

Cal. True ; but I usher such a dainty bit for Breakfast, as yet I never cook'd ; 'tis not Potargo, fri'd Frogs, Potato's marrow'd, Cavier, Carps Tongues, the Pith of an English Chine of Beef, nor the Italian oyled Mush-room, and yet a drawer on too ; and if you show not an appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say to eat, but devour it, without Grace too, for it will

not stay a Preface : I am shamed, and all my provocatives will be jeer'd at;

Cam. Art thou in thy wits ? what new-found Rarity hast thou discover'd ?

Cal. No such matter Sir, it grows in our own Country Sir.

Cam. Leave prating, and serve it up Sirrah, bring in your dainty.

Cal. 'Twill bring in it self, it has life and spirit in't, and for proof: Behold now, fall to boldly, my life on't it comes to be tasted.

Enter Mirtilla with a Letter and a Ring.

Cam. Ha! *Calista's* Maid; you'r welcom fair one, aims your designs at me ?

Mirt. I am trusted with a business of consequence, which I would to your private ear deliver.

Cal. I told you so, give her Audience on your Couch, 'tis a fit State for such an Ambassadors ; dispatch first for your Honour, you know what follows. *Cam.* Come Sir, will you please to vanish, or I'll—

Cal. O Sir ! pray don't ; O Sir ! pray don't forget how you us'd your Taylors Daughter when she brought you home a Stomacher to keep your Breast warm. [Exit running.]

Cam. Now, pretty one, your pleasure, you shall find me ready to serve you ; if you'll put me to my Oath, I'll take it upon this Book.

Mirt. O Sir, the favour is too great, and far above my poor ambition ; I must kiss your hand in sign of humble thankfulness.

Cam. So modest.

Mirt. It well becomes us Maids Sir, spare those blessings for my Noble Mistress, this speaks her chaste desires with this Ring.

Cam. Oh the powerful Charms by that fair hand set down, Heaven be pleas'd to qualifie this excess of happiness, or I shall expire with a Surfeit of felicity ! with what art the cunning *Lapidary* has here express'd the Rape of *Proserpine* ; I apprehend her purpose, and oblige it, yet not as a helping friend, but a Husband ; I will meet her Vertues flame with a lawful heat, and warm our Hymenical Sheets with such delights as leave no Sting behind 'um.

Mirt. You speak well, and I believe you. *Cam.* Would you ought else ?

Mirt. I would carry some Love-sign to her, and now I think on't, the kind salute you offer'd me at your entrance, hold it not impudence that I desire it, I'll faithfully deliver it.

Cam. A kiss ; you must excuse me, I was then my own, now wholly hers ; but there's Gold to bind thee still my Advocate, I'll not fail the appointed time. [Exit.]

Mirt. Not a kiss ; I was coy when it was offer'd ; and now justly, when I begged one, am deny'd.

If I catch either still my game's well plaid,

But if I miss I'm with repentance paid.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Adorio and Muggulla.

Ado. You are mistaken, I cannot be the man you are sent to.

Mug. Not you the man, you are the man of men, and such another in my Ladies eye never to be discover'd.

Ado.

Ado. I am a meer stranger to thee,-- or will at least seem so.

[*Aside.*

Mug. Still the more probable, since Ladies as you know affect strange dainties: this is not an Age in which Saints live, but women, knowing women.

Ado. As most are at a coupling age.

Mug. Why Sir do you Gallants travel, but at their returns to discourse the difference in forreign Females ; as the lusty Girl of *France*, the sober *German*, the plump *Dutch Fro*, the stately Dame of *Spain*, the *Roman* and spritely *Tuscan*, the merry *Venetian* Curtizan, the *English* fair Companion, that learns something from every Nation, and will fly at all.

Ado. But may I ask without offence your gravity, what Title your Lady bears in this City?

Mug. If you were true Town-bred, you would do the business first, and ask that after: Sir, she's no Half-crown Trader, nor no Beldam so frozen up, a Fever can't thaw her.

Ado. Leave this impertinence, and come to the matter.

Mug. Impertinence! what my Granams Cat left in the Mault in Impertinence teeth ; if it be impertinent to say her Name's *Calista*, God buy to you, and your impertinence too.

Ado. Oh I have heard of her, for Chastity and Beauty the wonder of the age!

Mug. Pray not too much of that Sir, fair and free, I'll subscribe too, and you'll find her so.

Ado. This can't be *Calista*, your covering your foul ends with a fair name, gives me just reason to suspect you have a plot upon my life.

Mug. A Plot! very fine ; nay 'tis a dangerous one, beware on't : I plot to bring you in a minutes space to those a man of Snow would ride a thousand miles for ; you shall be received by one whose touch would make old *Nestor* young : a terrible plot, a kiss then ravish'd from you by such lips as flow with *Nectar*, a juicy palm to guide you safe to a private room ; but I almost forget, to make the plot more horrid, the retiring Bout, the silver bathing Tub, the Cambrick Rubbers, the imbroidered Quilt, a Bed of *Jessamine* and *Damask* Roses, a meer Powder-plot to blow you up : and last of all, a Bed-fellow, to whose rare entertainment all these are but fools.

Ado. No more, her breath would warm an Eunuch.

Mug. I knew I should heat him.

Ado. I am flesh and blood, your motion I approve, I'll come.

Mug. My plot's on your life, a base and dangerous woman, farewell Sir.

Ado. I will along too, come pardon my suspicion ; hear, hear, you shall.

Mug. I am good-natur'd, you may do what you will with me, at twelve I'll be your Convoy.

Ado. I desire not better.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Calista, Mirtilla.

Cal. How do you like my Gown? *Mirt.* 'Tis rich, and Court-like.

Cal. My Mother little dreams of my intended flight, and that these are my Nuptial Ornaments. *Mirt.* I hope so.

Cal. How dully thou answerest? dost thou envy *Adori's* noble change?

Mirt. No Madam, I am a little daunted ; how to bear your absence, that very thought confounds me ; to be divorc'd from all my comfort, can this be born with patience?

Calist. The necessity of my fate commands it ; but I vow by my *Adorio's* love, I pity thee.

Mirt. Pity me Madam ! a cold charity, you must do more, and help me.

Calist. Ha ! what said you, I must ; is this fit language for a servant ?

Mirt. One that would continue your poor servant : Can *Mirtilla* sit mourning alone, imagining those pleasures which you this blessed night enjoy in the imbraces of your Lord, and mine too, in being yours ? shall a stranger sow you up in a sheet to guard that Maidenhead you must pretend to keep, and 'twill become you ? shall another do this, and I pine with envy ? Pardon me, either let me go with you, or by my life I will discover all.

Calist. Thou canst not be so treacherous and cruel.

Mirt. Pray don't tempt me, for 'tis resolved.

Calist. Prethee *Mirtilla* be not so violent, I am so taken with thy affection to me, I will send for thee. *Mirt.* When ?

Calist. This very night, by *Adorio* I will.

Mirt. Forgive my boldness past, 'twas my zeal to serve you.

Calist. I thank thee for't. *Mirt.* You'll keep your word :

Calist. Still doubtful.

Mirt. Now Fortune play thy game,

It shall be hard but I will hit my aim.

[Exit.]

Enter *Adorio*.

Ado. 'Tis eleven by my Watch, the hour appointed, I hear none stirring, some curs'd business keeps her Mother up ; I'll walk a little circle, this short delay afflicts me, and I presume to her it is no pleasure.

[Exit.]

Enter *Camillo*, *Callandrino*.

Cal. What's now to be done ? would I were a Bed, I am so sleepy : by this hand I'll break the house for you to-morrow, and she shall be yours by fair or foul means.

Cam. This is the time, I take it, I was ordered by *Mirtilla* to come ; she may perhaps, to take the air, open the Casement.

Cal. Would you were in her Cellar, so I were a Bed.

Cam. And looking out, will be a new Star to be gazed on by me with adoration.

Cal. Is not here fine fooling ? Pox of gazing, and sighing, and peeping, and prying ; if you must go to't, put her to the squeak at first sight, and there's an end.

[Within.]

Enter *Calista*, *Mirtilla*.

Calist. *Mirtilla.* *Cam.* 'Tis her voice. *Calist.* You heard some footing.

Mirt. Most certainly. *Calist.* Speak low, my love *Adorio*.

Cam. The darkness befriends me now, most honour'd Madam : *Adorio*, your servant.

Calist. If you are so, I do commend your silence, and this kiss assures you I am wholly yours.

[Exit.]

Cal. Now miss, and may you be gelt.

Mirt. Madam, think on *Mirtilla*.

[Exit.]

Cal.

Cal. I am the fortunatest man in these night works.

[Exit.

Enter Adorio.

Ado. This slowness amazeth me; but here comes some-body.

Enter Mirtilla.

Mirt. Whether shall I fly for succour?

Ado. These arms shall be a Castle of defence; how her heart beats; take comfort, dear *Calista*, *Adorio* loves you, loves you in a Noble way; silence becomes you till we are in safety.

Mirt. O blest error!

[Exeunt.

Enter Camillo.

Cam. They have cast me, and say I must wait; but I have found some of their Cordials may be a provocative that was prepared to inable me to perform the Marriage night duties, up it goes, be it what it will. I cannot dread any danger where she is: 'tis pleasant, some restorative to animate their spirits; this nights ramble, with other incumbrances of business, has almost tired me; I feel sleep apprehending me for my neglect of nature, it is too powerful, I must obey.

[Sits down.

Enter Muggulla.

Mug. 'Uds death, I can't find the sleepy portion that's prepar'd for my Ladies Mother: What Dormouse asleep a ready? much good may women expect from you! what a Devil do you mean to do? my old Lady's coming this way; here's a lump of Sluggard: you lie with a Lady, you lie with a drunken Sow, so you will be taken napping; thy Nose shall pay for this.

Enter Calista.

[Muggulla within.

Calist. What's the matter you stay so long? is he fallen asleep? how *Camillo*, who I took for *Adorio*! wake him, and bid him be gone.

Mug. I must carry him on my back then, for any way else he is not fit to go: is he not dead? cold by this hand.

[Falls out of the Chair.

Calist. O, O! call in his man, let him remove him; he has got some hurt in his night rambles, and comes here to die, to have the shame fall upon me.

Enter Calan. Muggulla.

Cal. Stark dead! are you sure? you have held him at hard service; I'll be hanged if *Muggulla* has not thrown him on his back, for she's an old Swinger at these sports.

Calist. Leave your idle discourse, and convey him away.

Mug. Out of the house you can't carry him, your Mother must see it done.

Calist. Search him *Calandrino*, if he be not wounded any, where.

Cal. O here's a large wound! how it is swelled! this must, this must be cunningly drawn out, should it break, 'twould strangle him: O what a deal of foul matter's here! this has been a long time of gathering: here's a gash too in the Rimb of his Belly, it may have matter in't; he was a cholerick man I see; what comes from him is as yellow as Gold: how, troubled with the Stone? I'll cut you for this.

*His Pocket, then
his Purse.*

Mug. It must be so, he has drank the sleepy portion which was designed for

30 Love lost in the Dark ; or, the Drunken Couple.

for your Mother, so that we'll lay him in the great Chest in the next Room, may be when he awakes we may have a more fit opportunity to let him out.

Cal. I had rather bury him quick than part with my purchase; let his Ghost walk, I care not: who's that? where's the Chest? I am afraid her calling should wake him. [*Calista, Mugg. within.*]

Mug. A shrill voice, it comes with the wind.

Cal. Then I'll take this way. *Calist.* Why, Sir?

Cal. Because I'll trust my heels before all the winds in the Sky; we are far wiser than our Grandfathers were; and thus I'll prove it, they say, haste to the beginning of a feast, there I am with 'um; but to the end of a fray, that's Apocryphal, 'tis Canonical, not to come there at all: after a Storm, there are still some drops behind.

Mug. Pure fear has made the fool a Philosopher; come, help away with him.

Cal. He's wondrous heavy, but the Porter's paid, there's the comfort.

[*Lays him in the Chest, and falls upon him.*]

Calist. Away, my Mother will come out.

Cal. Now if he wakes not, I am made for ever;

And if he does, 'twas but a fool's endeavour.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

Enter Adorio and Mirtilla.

Ado. **W**As ever man thus crost?

Mirt. So blest I hop't to have been; this is the finest wild Chace.

Ado. What's that you mutter?

Mirt. A short prayer, that you may find my Lady, your wished-for love, though I am lost for ever. [*Camillo in the Chest.*]

Cam. *Calandrino*, light a Candle, 'tis horrible dark.

Mirt. O me! what's that? from whence could that come?

Ado. I don't know, may be the old Lady has discovered our coming.

Cam. Draw the Curtains, I say, you Rascal; what a Devil do you mean to do? *Adorio* will get there before I shall come.

Ado. If it be a Spirit, it made use of my name; 'tis somewhere in the room.

Mirt. I am afraid, yet dare not stir, for fear you should be found here.

Cam. Sirrah, I say *Calista* made the appointment, and would you have me fail her, Rogue, Dog, Devil?

Ado. It must be some Imp, it has the Devil so frequently in's mouth.

Mirt. I tremble to think on't.

[*Chest.*]

Cam. 'Zounds, I'll stay for this damn'd Dog no longer. [*Rises out of the*]

Ado. My courage fails me, doubting 'tis not mortal. [*Both run out.*]

Mirt. Oh the Devil! the Devil!

Cam. What can this mean? that seem'd to be *Adorio* going out; how came I to have this wooden Tenement? this room they left me in; now dare

dare not I call *Muggulla*, because I am ignorant how matters go in the house. *Calist.* What noise was that I heard?

Enter Calista.

Cam. Madam, I know not, nor what caused it; but I am in as much doubt as they could be in fear, how by what means I was laid in this Chest; Providence I must ever bless that it proves so well, since you allow on't.

Calist. What's this? 'twas necessity made me so careful of your proceedings; now you'r at liberty, I desire your absence.

Enter Adorio, Mirtilla.

Cam. Madam, 'tis strange, but for once I'll withdraw, and render you my hearty thanks for the care you have used to preserve me safe, and your own Honour. *[Exit.]*

Calist. My lov'd *Adorio*, though disastrous chance has made me lament thy absence, it pays me ample satisfaction that I am now possesst of thee.

Ado. Away: have you plaid your game with him, and now come to me to retrieve your appetite? I must reassume my ancient Faith, all Woman-kind is false. *[Exit.]*

Calist. False man, but more treacherous woman, 'tis apparent you jointly have conspired against my weakness, for which expect my just anger; reply not. *[Exit.]*

Mirt. She commands both, one is enough for me,

If I be false, Love is a treachery.

[Exit.]

Enter Calandrino, a Bottle of Wine.

Cal. Good speed on all sides, 'tis main strong Wine: O the yauns that *Muggulla* will make! look to your Stern, dear Mistress, and steer right: Stay, let me see, I'll try her by thy Nose first, for if she be a right Sow, sure she'll find it: yonder she comes; O how she holds up her Nose like a *Jennet* in the wind of a grass Mare!

Enter Muggulla.

Mug. 'Tis Wine, I'm sure 'tis Wine, excellent strong Wine, very good Wine; this way too.

Cal. How true she hunts, I'll make the Train a little stronger.

[Spills Wine.]

Mug. Stronger and stronger still, still blessed Wine.

Cal. Now she hunts hot.

Mug. This way it went sure.

Cal. Now she's at a cold sent: O well hunted! that's she! that's she!

Mug. O if I could but see it! O what a precious sent it has! but handle it, and then but taste it.

Cal. Now I'll come in view.

Mug. Still 'tis stronger: *Calandrino*, what hast thou got there? answer to the point man.

Cal. 'Tis Wine, Madam *Muggulla*, sweet Sweet-wine.

Mug. Is this a drink for Slaves to tipple on? dear sweet Sweet-wine come hither; give me a Bottle thou most debauched Drudge.

Cal.

Cal. With no small pains I purchased this on purpose for you, to shew how willing I am to give you all my service.

Mug. I will give thee more : there, kiss my hand on't.

Cal. I thank you cleanly for your dirty favour ; how rank it smells ?

Mug. By your leave sweet Bottle, and sweet Sweet-wine, I now come to thee, hold your Cap under.

Cal. She fusts off her sweet Sweet-wine, sweet, sweet, sweetly : how do you like it ?

Mug. Hold up your Cap again Sir, and now come kiss me : I'll be your friend at a word Sir ; come, drink to me.

Cal. I must not be too bold with this liquor.

Mug. Here's to thee then ; 'tis for thy good, 'tis confess ; nay, 'tis naught for thee, and may chance to make you break out, and spoil thy complexion : 'tis excellent for me, I have a cold Stomach, and the Wine-

Cal. Blows out at both ends.

Mug. Kiss me again, thou shalt kiss *Calista* too : again cherish thy lips, I'll show thee all.

Cal. Bless my eyes !

Mug. Enter all the secrets in my Country Commands, and thou shalt be my Heir, and I'll leave thee Heaven knows what.

Cal. I believe so, but I shall never know.

Mug. Then you shall have my Daughters two sweet Wenches, but you must commit with me first, and show yourself a Gentleman.

Cal. Excellent Mistress *Muggulla*, I thank you heartily.

Mug. And prethee, *Calandrino*, take heed of being overtaken with too much drink, 'tis a lamentable sin : O 'tis a damnable thing to be drunk, Heaven can't endure it ! And hark you, one thing I would have you do, knock my Husband on the Head, for he's an errant Puppy, and cannot perform ; why, where the Devil is this foolish Bottle ?

Cal. O how her Husband would cry, did he know how drunk she will be with this Wine !

Mug. Who's that talks of Wine there ?

Cal. I think 'tis your Husband at the door.

Mug. Bring him before me, I'll beat him damnably ; nay, break the Bottle about his Pate, then tie it to his Tail, and all the Dogs in the Town shall follow him : Come, sit down, and let us propound a modest question, to see who is drunkest, you or I.

Cal. The very sent has disabled me ; what's the question ?

Mug. Whether *Whitehall* or *Cheapside* be nearest *Whetstones Park* ? or what's the natural reason, why a woman should long to make her Husband a Cuckold ? Bring the Curate, that learn'd Philosopher, that found out a Pudden had two ends, let him with his *Jacob's* Staff discover what is the third part of three farthings, three half-pence being the half, and I am satisfied.

Cal. You blow me down with your Learning.

Mug. Too

Love lost in the Dark ; or, the Drunken Couple.

33

Mug. Too much for that Bull-head, my Husband: Hang him, he's but the shadow of a man of action, a debauch'd Puppy, let him sleep, and thou shalt sleep with me.

Cal. You are a very loving worthy woman, I had as live she had said I should have lain in the Hog-sty.

Mug. Not a word of Wine *Callandrino*, or any thing like Wine, or any thing concerning Wine, or by, or from, or with Wine: Come, lead me like a Countess.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Adorio, Mirtilla.

Ado. Then it seems you ever have affected me.

Mirt. Should my Lady stand by and hear't, and in her sudden fury kill me for't, I durst not Sir deny it; nor is it me alone, but all our Sex, I think, stand bound to be enamoured of you.

Ad. O my Fate! I am justly punished for my defended wantonness: I that scorn'd the Mistress when she sought me, now I would upon my knees receive her, am become a Prey unto her Bond-woman: thou art one of those aim to be the wrong way Ladish'd: Was there no forward Page or Foot-boy in the Town to do the feat, but I must be chosen for the Executioner? how durst you hope it?

Mug. Kings sometimes leave Calveare, Salmon, and eat Sprats; in modesty I dare speak no more.

Ado. How cam'st thou to my hands?

Mirt. My Lady being slipt aside in the dark, fearing her Mother should find out the appointment, and, as I thought, quitted the house, thanks to the darkness of the night, running after her, I run into your arms; and I had wrong'd my breeding near the Court, had I refused it.

Ado. You expect to reap the Harvest of your Flattery but your hopes will be blasted: I assure you I am tired, I must sleep; you could lie down too.

Mirt. Willingly, so you please to use me.

Ado. Use thee?

Mirt. As your Pillow Sir, I dare presume no farther.

Ado. Well, sit down.

Mirt. I am ready Sir.

Ado. So nimble.

[*Sits down.*]

Mirt. Love is active, nor would be a slow thing, rest securely; Sir, on my Maidenhead, I'll not ravish you.

[*Lays his head in her lap.*]

Ado. For one so fair, I'll trust you.

Mirt. Let all the joys of rest dwell on his Eye-lids; let no dream disturb your soft and gentle slumbers: I cannot sing, but I'll talk you asleep: he snores already: I am all fire, I can no longer forbear, I'll touch his lips, I am intranced; our Fancy, some say, in sleep works stronger, I will prove how far mine will work.

[*Sleeps.*]

Enter Calandrino,

Cal. My Bones ache with sleeping on the Bench, and I am exceeding cold after my heat: I must seek out a more convenient Truckle-Bed: Ha! do I

dream? No, no, I wake; as I live *Adorio* in a handsome Wenches Lap: O Whorson! you are better accommodated than I have been with my old drunken She-goat; I'll call my Master and his Mistress to this Pageant, this may work more upon her than all he can say: Master, Madam, come forth.

Enter Camillo. Calista.

Cam. Well, what's your hasty business? what have you seen the Devil? or how?

Cal. No Boy, no; but here are some that you thought not of.

Calist. *Adorio.*

Cal. The Idol you used to worship.

Calist. Is this *Mirtilla*? I was but a Cloak to his intended Villany.

Cal. I knew 'twould take.

Cam. I'll not kill him sleeping; but if you please, I'll wake him, and then make him fall a Sacrifice to your just anger.

Cal. No, reserve your blood for a better use.

Calist. My fond love is turn'd to extreme hatred, his very sight is odious.

Cal. I have thought of a punishment for 'um, and then leave him to his Harlotry; if she prove not torture enough, hold me an Ass: I saw their Horses not far off, I'll cut their Girths and Bridles, and turn 'um out to the Road.

Calist. In his Hat he wears a Jewel, which this faithless Strumpet, as a Salary of her Lust, deceiv'd me of; he shall not keep it to my disgrace, nor will I stir till I have it.

Cal. I am not a profess'd nimmer, yet I'll make a shift: by your leave Sir, 'tis restitution; pray bear witness I do not steal it; here 'tis.

Calist. Take it not as a Mistress's favour, but a strong assurance I am your Wife.

Cam. O Heaven!

Cal. Pray in the Church: let's away: have you not been billing in the Hay, and so deserved this unexpected favour?

Cam. You'r pleasant Sir, come, will you walk.

Exit Cam. Calista, Calandrino.

Ado. As thou art a Gentleman kill me not basely, give me leave to draw my Sword.

[*Adorio starts up, his Hat falls off.*

Mirt. What's the matter? do you dream?

Ado. A fearful one I dream't, methought *Camillo's* Sword was at my Throat, *Calista* frowning by, commanding him, as he desired my favour her favour to strike off my head.

Mirt. Meer imagination; here's your Hat.

Ado. But where's my Jewel?

Mirt. I lookt upon when you slept.

Ado. What's come on't then? Restore it; thou hast it; force me not to search thee.

Mirt. Search me.

Ado.

Ado. You was before your Ladies entertainment a Night-walker, traded in picking of Pockets, when some Cully's charmed with your prostitute flattery, vouchsafed to imbrace you.

Mirt. Love, give place to anger ; wer't thou an Emperour, 'twas false ; in thy teeth I'll tell it thee, steal what I present.

Ado. This will not do, though thou hast swallow'd it, I'll rip thee up, but I'll recover it.

Mirt. Help, help, help, murder!

Ado. What, a new plot ; let me have it, I say.

Enter Calandrino and Dancers.

Cala. Hey day ! at it afore folks ! fie for shame ; you are a hot Cock of the Game.

Mirt. O me wretched Maid ! [Mirtilla swoons.]

Cala. Hold her up, she'll fall again before her time else : Come, come, Mistress, the man's a well-timber'd man, he's whole Chested, and may be a little forward with his work, in time you will make him ride more moderate ; then if he prove not of the right strain, Cuckold him first, and after make a Capon of him, never fear a Rape, fear him not.

Enter Camillo, Calista.

Calist. Methought I heard some Womens shrieks ; what, was it *Calandrino* ?

Cala. Nothing, only Master *Adorio* would force her to say one Lesson too often over, which is a fault I seldome heard a woman complain on, to refuse that sort of exercise.

Calist. My too fond Love *Adorio*, I have for ever banisht from my heart, and in lieu, the Holy man has given me to *Camillo*, in whose worthy love *Calista* must be safe.

Cam. *Calista*, you are all goodness.

Ado. Nay then *Adorio* be a man, I see the Diamond ; *Mirtilla* forgive me, thy honest vertuous love I will repay ; take me, and dispose of me as you think fit.

Cala. Chain him up ; and when you feel the loving hour coming on you, let him recreate you, and then to his Cell again, in a short time you'll find him a sober Companion.

Mirt. My heart can't let me give a denial ; take me your faithful Handmaid.

Enter Muggulla.

Mug. O who shall take me ! for something has taken my Husband, the Fates be blest : but whether above or below he's gone, that matters not.

Cala. O ! to Heaven he must go ; you have been always a careful woman in that kind : Well, you and I will never marry ; for now we may drink and sleep together without controul, since that Ram-headed Block is removed.

Mug. Lord, I am so troubled with the *Tezgo*, I believe it is because I drink but little Wine.

Ado.

Ado. 'Tis a raw humour blows up in your head, you don't take it often enough.

Mrs. 'T may be so: truly Sir, I don't drink above a Bottle in an hour.

Cal. How many's that a day? *Mrs. Muggalla,* Ple be your Doctor, and administer effectually; I warrant you.

Cam. But are your Dancers ready?

Cal. All things ready: pray seat your selves, that I may have room to perform matters of admiration: let your eye be riveted to my heels, and miss not a hair, breadth of my footings: our Dance has a most melodious note, and I command you to have Ears like Hares this night for our Ministers Honour, and something of my Worship; your reward is to be drunk blind, like Moles, in the Wine-cellar, and though you never see after, 'tis the better: and do you hear wire-string Cats guts men, and strong-breath'd Hoe boys, for the credit of your Callings twang it perfectly, as you would read your Neck verse; marshal your selves in the Rear, the Van is ours: Come, *Mrs. Muggalla,* imagine it our wedding day.

[*A Rustick Dance*]

Cam. Adrio, Let us forget all but honourable friendship, and let that last till Time shall be no more,

Now may all here, that love, as they are Friends,

To our good fortunes find like prosperous ends,


[*Exeunt.*]

PR O.



The PROLOGUE.

Our Habits and our Acting such appears,
Like weather-beaten weary Travellers:
Who have endur'd more then may here be told,
From Eastern blasts and sharper Northern cold.
Which keeps our sadden'd Hearts in deep suspense,
Wanting a place to fix our Residence.
Yet if these Radiant Beauties will but please
To smile on our Endeavours, 'twill much ease
Our Cares, abate our Feares: well knowing then,
Their Influence creates Favours in those Men:
Whose noble Bounty and Compassion may,
Transform our sable Night to chearful Day.
So by your Goodness with your mercy mixt,
We wandring Planets may in time be fixt.



The EPILOGUE.

AS timerous Crack with Bayliffs close beset,
Knowing her Rigging can't discharg her Debt ;
Scrues up invention to the highest pin,
To make a Trap to catch the Devil in.
Melting in tears, with looks half lust half love ;
Hoping the hot-rein'd ravenous Foe to move ;
Sighs in his Bosom, Sir, if you'l be kind,
I would do, you know what, you know my mind.
The goatish hell-bound boyling in a Feaver,
Cry's damn the Plantiff, swears he'll never leave her.
Imagin now the feat is done, and she
Is gone and clapt him for his Courtesie.
I just like her, have ventur'd out to you ;
Could I but wheedle and o'recome you too :
Then like a loving and a fearful Elf,
I'd send you sound away, be clapt my self.

THE
POLITICK
WHORE:

OR, THE
CONCEITED
CUCKOLD

ACTED AT
NEW-MARKET.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Dan. Browne* at the *Black Swan*
and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, *Dan. Major* at the
Hand and Scepter over against *S. Dunstan's Church*
in *Fleetstreet*, and *James Vade* at the *Cock and Sugar*
Loaf near *S. Dunstan's Church* in *Fleetstreet*. 1680.

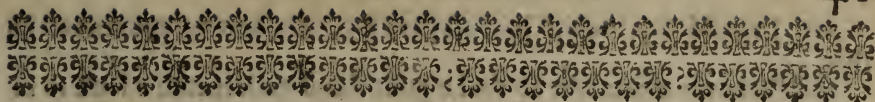
THE
POLITICK
WHORE.

INTRO
Actors Names.

Sir *Cornelius Credulous*, a Fond Husband.
Sir *Isaac Jealousie*, always doubtful of his Wife.
Fido, a Friend to both.
Mocko, Sir *Cornelius's* Clown.
Drudgeo, a Pimp.
Muscherast, a Gentleman disguis'd, Gallant to *Policia*.

Women.

Policia, Wife to *Cornelius*, the Politick Whore.
Innocentia, Sir *Isaac's* Wife.
A Bawd.



T H E
POLITICK WHORE:
 O R,
 The *CONCEITED CUCKOLD.*

A C T I.

Enter Sir Isaac Jealous, Solus.

Isa. I Have given all the slip on purpose, to get home at unawares, to try what *Jack Fido* does with my Wife; I know no reason why I should trust him more than all the world, I do remember he told her I bought the Bucks Head, and therefore deserved to have the Horns: though I bid him try her, I did not bid him, bid her with one eye love, and with the other wink at a Friend: What pains we Husbands take to be miserable, and as many words do aptly hold concordance to make one sentence: Just so many causes seem to agree, when conceit makes us Cuckolds, and here comes apparent proof;

[Enter Fido leading Innocentia.]

hand in hand: How their palms meet! That grasp begets a bastard.

Fido. By your white hand, I swear 'twas only so.

Isa. Poyson of Toads between you.

Innocentia. *Fido* you have well satisfied me.

Isa. Insatiate Whore, could not I satisfy you? I shall commit a murder if I stay: I'll go forge Thunder for you; what Plague can transcend a whorish Wife, and a perfidious Friend, Traitor to Truth and Friendship, I could rip out that blushing Hypocrite, thy Heart.

Fido. What means this Fury?

Isa. Can you spell Stag, Sir? 'tis four letters with two Horns: get you from my fury, for fear of greater mischief.

Fido. Thou yellow Fool.

The Politick Whore ; or,

Ino. I would you would instruct me, Sir, but how to understand all this.

Isa. Did ever mortal see so foul a guilt stand underneath a look so innocent.

Ino. My Lord.

Isa. You Whore.

[*Kicks her.*

Fido. Were't not for looking to the Lady, I'de call you to strict account.

Isa. Look to her, hang her : let me now send her to the Devil, with the scarlet Robe of Sin she's lapt in, that men should ever marry, and when we lay our Heads in womens laps, rise up with Horns.

Ino. With patience hear me, good Sir.

Isa. Yes, and go make Potguns.

Ino. 'Tis late, and sleep will do good, Sir.

Isa. Why do you think I'm mad ?

Ino. I hope not, Sir *Isaac.*

Isa. Then you lye, I am made Horn-mad ; I shall be acted at both the Theaters : Oh he that can believe a sleep's secure
In a false Friends Oaths or a bad Wives Arms,
Trusts *Circes* Witchcrafts, or *Calipso's* Charms.

[*Exit Isa. Fido.*

Ino. Oh Sir *Isaac*, how far am I in love with affliction, because it calls thee Father :

Oh Jealousie, Loves Eclipse, thou art in thy Disease,
A wild mad Patient, wondrous hard to please.]

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Cornelious Credelus, and Mocko.

Cor. My negligence deserves just blame, and how my *Policia* will take it I cannot tell.

Mock. As Snuff does you, by the Nose.

[*Enter Fido.*

Fido. Sir *Credelus* your Servant ; I hope your fair Lady's well.

Sir Cor. See, see she and her zealous School-master : Ple put you all upon her anon.

[*Enter Policia, Muchcraft.*

Mock. Then I shall have my turn.

Fido. You are a wondrous happy man in one so vertuous.

Sir Cor. Nay, you shall have no Sir *Isaacs* of me, I warrant ye.

Mock. Nor no *Inocentia* of your wife, I warrant ye.

Sir Cor. Sweet Chick I come to take leave of thee, for I am going to see a Ship launch'd, you may walk and see Sir *Isaac Jealousie's* Lady.

Poli. Alas she's too merry for my company.

Fido. Too merry ; I have seen her sad, but very seldom merry.

Policia.

Poli. I mean Sir, that she can walk to the Change, tell Tales, run in the Garden.

Mock. Why then your Ladyship may hold your tongue, say nothing, and walk in the Orchard.

Poli. She can drink a glass of Wine not alayd with Water.

Mock. Then you may drink a cup of Water without Wine.

Poli. Nay if a Gentleman comes to her House she'll let him kifs her, though a stranger.

Fido. Why a modest Woman may be kist by accident, yet not give the least touch to her Reputation.

Sir Cor. Well said, touch her home.

Poli. Nay, but they may not; she that will kifs, they say, will do worse I warrant you.

Fido. Why Madam I have seen you kist, may be against your will.

Poli. You may be sure 'twas against my will, though I have been kist indeed.

Mock. There's nothing in that can be against a Womans will, and I dare be sworn, if my Lady kist but one man, 'tis because we can't do with all.

Sir Cor. Nay that I know to be true, therefore she shall only kifs you *Fido* at this time; nay, come kifs her, and we are gone.

Poli. Nay pray Sir *Cornelious*, 'tis against my customes.

Sir Cor. I care not; let naturals love customes, my humour's my humour: look ye she spits, kifs her close.

Mock. The nearer the bone, the sweeter the flesh, Lady.

Poli. How now sawce-box:

Mock. Why Madam, I had but my turn, are you angry at that?

Sir Cor. Sirah, go and call a pair of Oars; *Muchcraft*, prethee stay thou at home with thy Lady, make her merry, get your Instrument ready, this melancholly will spoil her; make her laugh but heartily before I come home, and I'll give you a Lease of forty Crowns *per annum*:

Much. Can you tell whether she be ticklish or no Sir?

Sir Cor. Oh infinitely ticklish.

Much. I'll deserve your Lease before you come home again I warrant you.

Sir Cor. And thou shalt have't I faith boy.

Mock. Sir, there is a boat ready for you.

Sir Cor. Oh that's well, farewell my dear *Policia*.

[Exit.]

Fido. Adieu Madam, and when so e're I marry, Fortune turn no worse Card to me than you are.

[Exit.]

Mock. And when so e're I marry, *Venus* send me a Card may save Fortune a labour, and turn up her self.

[Exit.]

Poli.

Polic. What made him leave you behind?

Much. To lye with your Ladyship.

Polic. How!

Much. How: Why in the Bed, or on the Bed, or without the Bed.

Polic. Why how now *Muchcraft*.

Much. Why, the plain truth on't is, I must lye with you.

Polic. Why, *Muchcraft*?

Much. And I know too, that you will lye with me.

Polic. Nay, but *Muchcraft*.

Much. A Pox of *Muchcraft*; I am neither *Much Craft*, nor *Little Craft*, but a *Barkshire* Gentleman, that has heard of your Beauty; as-
sum'd this Name and Fortune, sought this Service, and tell you truly
what I guess you.

Polic. You will not Ravish me, *Muchcraft*?

Much. No; but unravel you, in two lines Experience writ lately.

Extreams in Vertue, are but Clouds to Vice;

She'll do i'th' dark, who is i'th' day too nice.

Polic. Indeed you do not well to belye me thus.

Much. Come, Ple lye with thee Wench, and make all well again:
your Husband swears no Woman can deceive him, and 'twere well done
to cozen his confidence.

Polic. Truly, *Muchcraft*, some Women would do't.

Much. Who can you chuse more convenient to practice with than
me, whom he doats on? Where shall a man find a Friend but at home?
so break one Proverbs Pate, and give the other a Plaister. Is't a
Match, ha?

Polic. Well, for once it is; but and you do any more, indeed I'll
tell my Husband.

Much. But when shall this once be, now?

Polic. Now! no indeed, *Muchcraft*, it shall be soon, at Night my
Knight comes home.

Much. Then, how is't possible?

Polic. Possible; Women can make any of these things possible,
Muchcraft: many casualties may cross us, but soon at night my *Corne-
lius* I'm sure will be sleepy after his hard drinking; and when well
drench'd in Wine, he sleeps in his Cloaths, on the Bed so found, Bells
would not wake him were they rung in the Chamber.

Much. Then he'll never dream of our Intrigue.

Polic. Now *Mocke* that makes him merry in his Chamber, shall,
when the Candle's out, and he asleep, bring you into the Chamber.

Much. But will he be secret?

Polic. Will he, good Soul! I am not to try him now.

Much. 'Uds-foot, this is brave!

My Knights kind Fool is my cunning Ladies Knave.
But pray, how then?

Polic.

Polic. When *Mocke* has brought you to the Bed, give me but softly a touch, I'll rise, and follow you into the next Chamber: But truly and you do not use me kindly, I shall cry out, and spoil all.

Much. Use you kindly; was ever Lady used cruelly i'th' dark? do you but prepare *Mocke* and your Maid, let me alone with her Mistress; about Eleven I desire to be expected.

Polic. And till the Clock strike Twelve I lye alone.

Much. Now you dare kiss.

Polic. Once with a Friend, or so; yet you may take two, *Much-craft*.

Much. My Cast is *Amer-Ace* then.

Polic. *Deuce-Ace* had got the Game.

Much. Well, if you'll set, I'll throw at all.

Polic. If you throw out, then down you fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Innocentia alone.

Innoc. Here, miserable *Innocentia*, let thy sorrows take breath; unto this House where Gentlemen lodge I was directed, but I here discover strange actions carried on in this House: Great Persons, but not good, here nightly Revel in Surfeits, and in Riots; and yet the next day the place appears a Sanctuary, rather than Sins foul Receptacle: these ways have to me still been strangers.

Enter Bawd and Drudgeo.

Drud. Yonder she walks mumbling to her self, my Lord *Generous* has cast an eye of liking on her, and you win her but for him, your House bears the Bell away; acost her quaintly.

Baw. I warrant thee *Drudgeo*; I can effect wonders of more weight than a Maiden-head: Have I ruin'd so many Cities, Citadels, to let in Court-Martialissts, and shall this Country-Cottage hold out? I were more fit for a Cart than Coach then 'isaith. How now *Philice*, how do you this morning?

Innoc. Well, I thank so good a Landlady.

Baw. But hark you *Philice*, is the Door close *Drudgeo*?

Drud. As an Usurers Conscience: *Madge* was coming in, till she saw the Door shut upon her.

Baw. I'll set *Madge* about her business, and I come to her: Is here any work for her, with a mischief to her? We shall have Eves-droppers, shall we?

Innoc. Honour guard me, how I tremble.

Baw. Come hither Mistress *Philice*: Fie, how you let your hair hang about your Ears too: How do you like my House, *Phil*.

Innoc. Well, exceeding well.

Baw. Nay, I know a Woman may rise here in a Month; if she will her self: but truth's truth, I know you see something, as they say, and so forth. Did you see the Gallant was here last night till Twelve?

Innoc. Which of them mean you? here was many.

Baw. Which; he in the white Feather, that skipp'd in the Gallery: Was it white, *Drudgeo*?

Dru. As a Ladies-hand, by this five fingers.

Baw. White; no, no, 'twas a Tawny; now I remember.

Dru. As a Gypsie; by this Hand it lookt white by Candle-light though.

Baw. That fine Lord is call'd my Lord *Generous*, *Phil.* a great man, I'll assure you *Phil.*

Innoc. His Excellent Carriage spoke him of Noble Birth.

Baw. And this Lord loves you *Phillis*.

Innoc. Now Heaven defend me!

Baw. What, from a Lord? marry come up with a Murrian; from whence came you tro', ha?

Dru. Thus nice *Madge* was at first, if you remember.

Baw. I would have you know Huswife, I could have taken my Coach, and fetch'd him one of the best Pieces in *London*, and her Husband should have look'd after me, that his Neighbours might have noted, and cry'd, *Farewel Naunt, commend me to my Unkle.*

Dru. And yet from these perfum'd fortunes, Heaven defend me.

Innoc. Perfum'd indeed.

Dru. Perfum'd; I am a Pander, a Rogue, that hangs together like a Beggars Rags by Geometry, if there was not three Ladies swore yesterday that my Mistress perfum'd the Coach; so they were fain to unbrace the Side-parts to take in fresh Air.

Baw. He tells you true, I keep no company, I warrant you.

Innoc. But have you so many several Women to answer so many men that come?

Dru. I'll answer that by Demonstration: Have you not observed the variation of a Cloud, sometimes 'twill be like a Lyon, sometimes like a Horse, sometimes a Castle, and yet still a Cloud.

Innoc. True.

Dru. Why so can we make one Wench one day look like a Country Wench, another day like a Citizens Wife, another day like a Lady, and yet still be a Crack.

Innoc. VVhat shall become of me? Oh the sad Curse

Of goodness, to leave one woe for a worse.

Baw. Come *Phil.* let's in, and be merry.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

Sir Cornelius asleep on a Bed in his Cloaths, Policia in Bed; to them, Mocko leading in Muchcraft.

Much. Softly sweet *Mocko*; are we in the Chamber yet?

Mock. Within a yard of my Lady, and ye can be quiet.

Much. Art sure *Sir Cornelius* is asleep?

Mock. I know not, Ple go and ask him.

Much. No, no, no, do not awake him, we are undone then, man.

Mock. Ha, ha, ha, now I see Cuckold-making is as ticklish a profession as Cunney-catching: my Lord was so paid with Healths, he's fast enough.

Much. But still I pursue wonder, why my Lady should prescribe this strange, nay wonderous desperate way to her desires.

Mock. Is that a question to ask now? would you would grope out the Bed, for I sleep in my talk I am sure of that.

[*Sir Cornelius Coughs.*

Much. We are lost for ever: did he not cough?

Mock. 'Tis nothing but the last Cup comes up in stewd broth; if ever you make true Whoremaster burn me: sea-sick before you come in the salt-water; let me go in your stead.

Much. No Ple venture, flood a Gulph between belching up a Tempest. O valiant Lust! how resolute thou goest to Acts unjust. *Mocko* good night: desire drowns fear in presuppos'd delight.

Mock. Turn of your left hand, 'twill lead you to the Devil, to my Lady, I should say presently.

[*Exit.*

Much. Let me see: Four steps on the left hand. I have the Bed, and on this side she lies: Ud's foot there's a beard; but all's well yet; she lies on this side sure: I have her; 'tis her Hand, I know the touch, it melts me into passion: I have much ado to contain my wild desires: as the wind strains in caverns lock'd, so through my big swoln veins my blood cuts capers.

Polic. Who's there?

Much. 'Tis I.

Polic. *Muchcraft*.

Much. Fortunate *Muchcraft*, that was wrapt in his Mothers Smock.

Polic. Give me your hand.

Much. There 'tis: I melt already.

Polic. Sir, Husband; *Sir Cornelius*, awake.

Much. I am lost for ever, Madam.

Polic. Sir *Cornelius*, Husband.

Much. If I pull too hard, I shall pull her out of the bed too.

Polic. Why Knight, will you not awake.

Sir Cor. What's the matter, what's the matter?

Much. How I dwindle.

Polic. Pray hear me Sir; I cannot sleep till you have resolv'd me one thing.

Sir Cor. What is that Sweetheart?

Polic. Of all men which do you love best?

Sir Cor. That's a strange question to ask at midnight; why *Muchcraft*.

Polic. And that same false *Muchcraft* in your absence most leudly tempted me to wrong your bed.

Much. Was ever woodcock catch'd thus.

Sir Cor. Oh Rogue, Ple cut his throat sleeping.

Polic. Nay I have fitted him finely.

Much. Now, now, now, now I am spited.

Polic. I seem'd Sweetheart to consent to him.

Much. A pox of shamming: I were best confess and beg pardon.

Polic. And to make him sure for your revenge, I appointed about this hower, the door left open on purpose.

Much. Ah.

Polic. To meet me in the Garden.

Much. All's well again.

Polic. Now Sweetheart, if you would but steal down, you might catch him, and snap the Fool very finely.

Sir Cor. Oh Heavens what a wench have I of thee! Ple take my Rapier, and the night being dark, Ple speak like thee, as if thou had kept thy word: O Villain, I shall have you; do you lie still, and Ple bring thee his Heart for thy Monkeys breakfast.

Polic. And would you part unkindly and not kiss me?

Sir Cor. I have no more manners than a Goose: Farewell

My chaste delicious Girl: what may his life

Be compar'd to, that meets with such a Wife!

[Exit.

Enter Mocko.

Much. Hift Mocko.

Mock. Hear Boy.

Much. Go meet him in the Garden—and hark.

Mock. Excellent: Ple play my Lady I warrant you. Well, I may hope for a Squiers Place, my Father was a Costermonger.

Much. Well now I see, he who would know Hells Crafts in her may

read!

read it, in brief put him to School

(Would cheat the Devil of 's right,)

To a dainty smooth-fac'd Hypocrite. [Exit.

Enter Sir Cornelius and Mocko.

Sir Cor. Why here's a Wife *Mocko*!

Mock. Ay Sir, to discover upon the pinch to you.

Sir Cor. Oh what Fortunes we loving Husbands meet with!

Mock. Ay Sir, Fortune's in the fashion of Hay Forks.

Sir Cor. *Mocko*, thou shalt hardly see a barsh Fellow have such a Wife, such a fortunate Wedding.

Mock. He'll go to hanging as soon.

Sir Cor. No, no; we loving souls have all the luck: There's Sir *Isaac Fealous*, what ado there is about his Wife; and now she's fled: and what has brought her to't, but his dogged usage of her.

Mock. Nay she never liv'd a good day with him.

Sir Cor. Therefore the whole Town rings of the winding of his Horns. Had he such a wife as I: what a Villain did I entertain, to teach her Musick; he has done her no good since he came, that I see.

Mock. Hang him: he has made her a little perfect in Prick-Song; that's all; and it may be she had skill in that before you married her.

Sir Cor. She could sing at first sight by this hand, *Mocko*: but, hark, I hear somebody.

Enter Muchcraft.

Mock. 'Tis he sure: he has a dreaming Whoremasters' pace. Pray let me practise my Ladies Part, and counterfeit for her.

Sir Cor. Canst thou imitate to the life?

Mock. Can I? Oh wicked *Muchcraft*.

Sir Cor. Admirable thou shalt do't.

Mock. Pray be you ready with your Rapier to spit him then; and I'll watch him a good turn, I warrant you.

Much. Here they are: If *Mocko* now comes off with his Part neatly, the Comedy passes bravely. Who's there----Madam?

Mock. *Muchcraft*?

Much. The same.

Mock. I think this place lies open to the Air, *Muchcraft*.

Sir Cor. Delicate *Mocko*.

Mock. And truly there's a great Dew fallen to night, the Grass is very wet.

Sir Cor. Sweet-tong'd Rogue!

Mock. Come *Muchcraft*,

And let us sport our selves in yonder Rushes;

And being set, I'll smother thee with bushes.

Sir Cor.

Sir Cor. Oh Villain.

Much. Here my Lady ; it is enough my Master has now a Friend in these days that dares be honest.

Sir Cor. How's this ?

Much. Nay for thy Master, he's a meer Coxcomb, *Muchcraft.*

Sir Cor. Out Rogue.

Much. 'Tis but your bad desires that tell you so : can I contain a Heart, or can that Heart harbour a thought of injury against him, under whose Wing I safely stretch my Pinions : has he not nobly entertain'd me ? Stand I not next neighbour, save your self, unto his Heart ?

Sir Cor. Ay, by this Hand dost thou.

Much. And shall I requite him thus ? No Lady, no.

Sir Cor. Brave *Muchcraft.*

Much. I am too wise to fall in love with Wo, much less with Woman : I but took advantage of my Masters absence for your Tryal, Madam, for fear some Fellow, far hotter-rein'd then I, might have fought and sped ; and I should be loth a Master so loving,

Sir Cor. Shalt have five Leases, by these Fingers.

Much. Should have a Lady false.

Back Lady to your yet unblemish'd Bed ;

Preserve your Honour, and your Lords Calves Head.

Mock. Well *Muchcraft* you had been better : if I do not tell your Master of this.

Sir Cor. He has put him to't now.

Much. Then I am lost for ever : You'll turn it all on me I know ; but ere I'll live to wrong so good a man, or stand the mark unto your malice, I will first fall on my Sword, and perish.

Sir Cor. Hold, hold man.

Much. Ha ; who are you ?

Sir Cor. One that has more humanity in him than to see a proper Fellow cast himself away, I warrant thee : 'tis I, 'tis I man ; I have heard all.

Mock. And 'twas I have playd my Lady, to have snapt you.

Much. Has she then been so good to tell you ? Now I am worse afflicted than before, that she should thus out-run me in this race of honesty.

Sir Cor. Nay, she has bobb'd thee bravely : She has a thousand of these tricks, I faith man ; but howsoever, what I have found thee, I have found thee : Hark in thy ear : Thou shalt have five Leases, and my own Nagg, when thou hast a mind to ride.

Much. Let me deserve it first.

Sir Cor. Thou shalt have 'um, I know what I do, I warrant thee.

Much. I joy in such a Lady.

Sir Cor. Nay, there's a couple of you, for a Wife and a Friend : thou shalt be no more my Servant ; I had thought to have made thee my Steeward, but thou art too honest for the place that's the truth on't.

Mock.

Mocko. His superfluity is my necessity ; pray let me have it Sir.

Sir Cor. I will talk with thee to morrow : *Mocko*, thou shalt have something too, but Ple to Bed : honest *Muchcraft*, the dearest must part, I see ; I will so hug the sweet Rascal that thinks every hour ten, till I come yonder : Good-night *Muchcraft* ; to Bed *Mocko* :

VVhat delight in life ;

Can equal such a Friend, and such a VVife.

[*Exit.*]

Mock. Go ; and a Cartload of Horns go with thee. But shall I not be thought on for my nights Service ?

Much. Why look you : pray forget not you had something.

Mock. Well : and pray do you remember I had nothing.

Much. Nothing ; what's that ?

Mock. Nothing before I had something I mean ; so you are welcome from *Utopia*.

Much. You are very nimble ; Sir, good morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Cornelius and Fido.

Sir Cor. Did ever Chronicle match this couple ?

Fido. You make me wonder, that both should meet in one resolved goodness unknown to one another.

Sir Cor. There lies the Jest on't : Sirrah *Mocko*, come hither.

[*Enter Mocko.*]

I do but think, had she met him in the Garden, how she would have rattled him.

Mock. Ay, and ruffled him too Sir ; the Camomile would have been better for it many a day after.

Fido. Such an honest-minded Servant, where shall one find ?

Sir Cor. Servant ; my sworn brother, man : he's too honest for an Office, he'll ne're thrive in't.

Fido. A Wife ; why she's a Saint, one that beates a good sound Soul about her.

Mock. Yes, when she wears her new Shoes.

Sir Cor. Where is the *Mocko* ?

Mock. Walking a turn or two in the Garden with *Muchcraft*, shall I go call, Sir ?

Sir Cor. No, no, no ; 'tis pitty to part 'um ; they are so well match'd : What are they doing ?

Mock. Why Sir, she was weeping to him ; she heard this morning that her Confessor Father *Joseph* was dead.

Sir Cor. Why now shan't we have her eat a bit these five days.

Mock. She'll Munch the more in a Corner, that's her Fast.

Sir Cor. Nay, do but judge *Fido* : Whereas most Dames go but once a month, some twice a quarter, and once a year to Confession, and that upon constraint too ; she never misses twice a week.

Fido

Fido. 'Tis a sign she keeps all well at home; they are even with the World, that so keep touch with Heaven.

Enter Policia, Muchcraft.

Sir Cor. See where she comes! Why how now Chick, weeping so fast, this is the fault of most of our Ladies; Painting, weeping for their sins, I should say, spoils their Faces.

Much. Sweet Madam.

Sir Cor. Look, look, loving Soul, he weeps for company.

Mocko. And I shall laugh out-right by and by.

Polic. Oh that good man!

Sir Cor. Why, Bird.

Fido. Be patient.

Polic. And would he go to Heaven without me?

Mocko. It may be he knew not your mind, Madam.

Polic. He knew my mind well enough.

Mocko. Why then, it may be, he knew you cou'd not hold out for the Journey; pray do not set us all a crying. [Weeps.]

Sir Cor. Prethee, sweet Birds-n'ye, be content.

Polic. Yes, yes, be content; when you two leave my company, no one comes near me, so that were not for simple modest *Muchcraft* here.

Mocko. As modest as a Gib-Cat at Mid-night.

Polic. That sometimes reads to me some vertuous Treatise; were it not for him, I might go look content: but 'tis no matter, nobody cares for me.

Sir Cor. Good *Fido*, help to comfort her. [Weeps.]

Mocko. Now is the Devil a writing an *Encomium* upon cunning Cuckoldmakers.

Much. You have been harsh to her of late, I fear Sir.

Sir Cor. By this hand I turn'd not from her all last night; what shou'd a man do?

Fido. Come, this is but a sweet obedient Shower, to bedew the lamented Grave of her old Father.

Mocko. He thinks the Devil's dead too.

Sir Cor. Prethee *Muchcraft* walk a turn in the Garden, to get her a Stomack to her Dinner; we'll be with you presently.

Polic. Nay, when you please; but why should I go from you?

Sir Cor. Loving Soul, prethee take her away.

Polic. Pray let me kiss you first: come, *Muchcraft*, no body cares for us.

Sir Cor. Well, she's a precious Creature.

Fido. 'Uds death, he kist her at the door: Have I found you Lady? [Much as they go out, kisses her.]

But mum.

Sir Cor.

Sir Cor. Hark you *Mocke*, you must go and invite my Lady *Meriday* to Sup with us; tell her my Lady is never well but in her company.

Mock. What if you invited Sir *Isaac Jealous*, he's so melancholly since his Wife and he are parted.

Sir Cor. Do as you are bid, let him alone: I'll have no Cuckold sup in my House to Night.

Mock. 'Tis a very hot Evening, your Worship will sup in the Garden.

Sir Cor. Why, yes marry, I will Sir; what of that?

Mock. Why, your Worship was ever as good as your word, keep the Cuckolds out of doors, and lay a Cloth for my Lord in the Arbour.

[Exit

Sir Cor. I have been about a Project these three months, *Fido*.

Fido. What is't, Sir?

Sir Cor. To compose a Book of my Wives Vertues; a Pattern for all that marry.

Fido. That will do well, Sir: I have another too for you; but that we'll discourse as we go.

Conceit and Confidence are Juglers born;

One grafts in Air, t'other hides the real Horn.

[Exit.

A C T III.

Enter Sir Cornelius like a Fryer, *Fido*.

Sir Cor. A M I fitted *Fido*, am I fitted?

Fido. To the life, Sir; and able to cheat suspicion: and so like Father *Anthony* the Confessor, that I protest there's not more semblance in a pair of Eggs; an Apple cut in half, is not so like.

Sir Cor. Well, you have counsell'd me to this, and I in this habit shall know the Core of her Heart.

Fido. By this time she may be comming; I'll step aside: You'll tell what's done.

Sir Cor. What, reveal confession? But go your ways; as much as may lawfully be revealed we'll laugh at next meeting.

Fido. Well, much good may you find:

I have rais'd the storm, let who can lay the wind.

[Exit.

Sir Cor. Yonder she comes, I can hardly forbear blushing; but I must have a care of discovery.

Enter Politia.

Polic. Hail Father.

Sir Cor. Welcome my chaste Daughter.

Polic. Death having taken my Father *Joseph*, to you I fall for absolution.

Sir Cor. Empty then my Daughter that Vessel of thy Flesh of all the Dregs.

Polic. Since last I confest, my first Sin was, That my Taylor, not making my New Gown to my mind, in an unchristian Passion I bid the Devil take him.

Sir Cor. That was something harsh, yet the more pardonable, because, may be, your Taylor lies in Hell night by night: Pray to your second.

Polic. Next, in a most savage rage, my Chambermaid putting too much Blew in her Starch, I most unmercifully broke her Head.

Sir Cor. That was rashly done indeed Daughter: but are you sure the Maids Head was not broke before?

Polic. No, no: she came to me with ne're a crack about her.

Sir Cor. These are trivial and light: Have you greater?

Polic. Yes Sir, one.

Sir Cor. One: what should that be, I wonder!

Polic. One yet remains behind of weight and consequence.

Sir Cor. She has trod some Chicken to death, I warrant you.

Polic. Hear me, and let a blush make you look red;

Unseemly I've abus'd my Husbands Bed.

Sir Cor. You did ill to drink so hard that Night.

Polic. Alas, you are mistaken; I have lai'n with another Man besides my Husband.

Sir Cor. How!

Polic. Nay the same way I use to lye with him, but not altogether so often.

Sir Cor. Death and the Devil: You're somewhat broad, but I have a Pennance for your Whoreship. Are you not with Child, Daughter?

Polic. Yes, yes: sure 'twas that Nights work.

Sir Cor. How know you that?

Polic. Alas, by experience, Sir: The kind Fool my Husband wishes all well; but like a light piece of Gold, he's taken for more than he weighs.

Sir Cor. With Child that charges too: there should follow a zealous Exhortation, but great Affairs brooks no stay: You are ingeniously sorrow.

Polic. Yes indeed, Sir.

Sir Cor. And resolve to fall no more so?

Polic.

Polic. No in truth, Sir.

Sir Cor. Then I pronounce you here absolv'd. Now for your Pen-
nance.

Polic. Any thing.

Sir Cor. As the Fact seems strange, so blame me not if your Pennance
be as strange, though 'tis easie perform'd: 'Tis neither Fast, Prayer,
nor Pilgrimage.

Polic. Let it be what 'twill, I vow the performance.

Sir Cor. Soon at Night, when you are with your Husband at Supper,
or any other way in Publick, you shall say aloud to him, You are not
this Childs Father, but such a Man is; naming the right Father as you
think was Partner in your Sin.

Polic. Good Sir.

Sir Cor. This is it I expect to have done: you know the danger of
breaking it; 'tis nothing.

Polic. Nothing: Is this your Pennance so wondrous easie in perfor-
mance?

Sir Cor. 'Tis irrevokable.

Polic. I am silent: Your new Pennance may meet a new Performance:
Farewel, Sir.

You are the cruell'st e're confessed me before:

[Exit.

Sir Cor. And this is a trick to catch a canting Whore.

[Exit.

Enter Bawd, Innocentia, Druego.

Baw. Come *Phillis*, be not so melancholly, the Sparks are in view.

Enter Sir Isaac disguis'd.

Sir Isa. Good morrow sweet Madam: Oh look how like the Sun be-
hind a Cloud she beams to give intelligence how 'tis there:

Baw. You are reciprocally welcome, Sir.

Sir Isa. What, have you brought this young wild Haggard to the
Lure.

Baw. Faith Sir, she's a little irregular yet, but time may bring the
wonder about.

Sir Isa. Bless you, sweet Mistris.

Enter Fido.

Drü. 'Uds foot, here's another Fleshmonger; I smell a Storm.

Baw. Sir, you are methodically welcome; you must pardon my va-
riety

riety of phrase, the Courtiers e'ne clog us with good words.

Sir *Isa*. What's he?

Baw. Why Sir, 'tis a *German* Prince, but a speaks *English*.

Sir *Isa*. Did not I charge you to keep her for me? how dare you set her out to fail?

Baw. Indeed Sir.

Sir *Isa*. Indeed Sir; Pox of your indeeds Sir.

[*Kicks her*.

Baw. Oh my *Sciatica*!

Sir *Isa*. You Sir, she says, you'r a *German* Prince: I can't help it.

[*Kicks Fido; they draw*.

Baw. Nay, good my Lord.

Dru. Good Sir, 'tis one of the Dukes Chamber.

Fido. Let him be of the Devils Chamber.

Sir *Isa*. Sirrah, leave the House, or I'll thunder you out.

Dru. Sir, 'tis madness to stand him.

Fido. Kickt; pray that we meet no more again Sir; still keep Heaven about you.

[*Exit*.

Innoc. VVhat e're thou art, a good man still go with thee.

Sir *Isa*. VVill you bestow a Cast of your Profession?

Baw. VVe are vanish'd, Sir.

Innoc. Oh! what shall become of me? in his eye murder and lust contends.

Sir *Isa*. Nay, fly not sweet, I am not angry with you; do you know me?

Innoc. Yes Sir, report has given you to be the Lord *Generous*, but I fear Fame's a liar.

Sir *Isa*. Why so, Madam?

Innoc. Were you that Lord, you will not sure be a slave to your Bloods passion, to haunt such houses as these: I crave your pardon for my language, Truth has a Forehead free, and in the Tower of her Integrity sits an unvanquish'd Virgin.

Sir *Isa*. If you rail upon the place; prethee, how came you hither?

Innoc. By treacherous intelligence, honest men so Ignorant of the way, through Thieves perils go. This is a Cave of Scorpions and Dragons: Oh turn back!

Toads here ingender, 'tis the Steam of Death,

The very Air poysons a good mans breath.

Sir *Isa*. Within there.

Baw. Sir, did you call? I hope you found her plyant: Your Coach waits you, Sir.

Enter.

Enter Bawd, Drudgeo.

Sir Isa. You are a rotten Hospital hung with greasie Sattin.

[*Kicks her.*]

Baw. Ah! ah me!

Dru. Came this nice piece from *France*, with a Pox to her?

Baw. If she has not warm'd his Stomach, I'll be flead for't.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Isa. I have more to say, will you meet me at *Sir Cornelius Credulous* house? my intents are virtuous, there I'll discover.

Let me borrow goodness from thy lip, farewell:

Here's a new wonder, I have met Heaven in Hell.

[*Exit.*]

Inno. I know that voice, I dare not think of ill, and I will meet at *Sir Cornelius's* house: No, *Sir Isaac*,

Had Law to this new Love made no denial,

A Chaste Wives truth shines through the greatest tryal.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Cornelius, Fido.

Sir Cor. Let it be carried with a silent Reputation, for the credit of the Conclusion: I do not desire to be laught at, till my designs are ripe, and she has perform'd her Penance.

Fido. Is this your Chaste Religious Wife? you see now 'tis possible for a cunning Wife to make an Ass of her Husband.

Sir Cor. An Ass; I will prove a contented Cuckold the wisest man in his company.

Fido. How? Prove you that, Sir.

Sir Cor. Because he knows himself. *Mocko,* Are all things ready to entertain our Guests?

Enter Mocko:

Mocko. Yes Sir, and by the way I met the Knight *Sir Jealousie*, and he and a strange Lady do intend to invite themselves to Supper to you.

Sir Cor. A shall be welcome, he will be fit company.

Fido. No, I fear he wrongs his Wife with idle suspicion; I dare, and will avow it with my life, *Muchcraft* keeps before Sir.

[*Enter Muchcraft, Policia.*]

Why don't you, *Mocko*, keep all well behind?

Sir Cor. I, and then there will be devout Lechery, between Hawk and

and Buzzard : *Mocko*, draw out the Table with the Banquet.

[*A Table furnish'd with all sorts of Horns in Dishes.*

Polic. Now fie upon this variety, 'tis profane ; Chastity defend me from such a Meeting.

Fido. Why Madam, what's the matter ?

Polic. There was a Lady invited to such a Treat, and going home in the dark, though as Chaste as Night, yet the poor Fellow, her Husband, lost her in a throng, and the good Soul came home so crush'd in the morning.

Enter Sir Isaac.

Sir Cor. *Sir Isaac*, welcom.

Sir Isa. Fido, I am throughly sensible of my Ladies Loyalty, and thy true Honourable Friendship ; I beg your pardon for what has past in my folly and rage, and now could wish my Lady was here, that I might reconcile my self to her, and obtain her forgiveness for my wronging the Innocent.

Sir Cor. Have a care what you say, *Sir Isaac* : Pray sit ; come, all sit.

Fido. I'll give you a fair occasion to produce the performance of her Penance.

Sir Cor. Go forward, I'll catch occasion by the Forelock.

Fido. Here's a Health to you, it shall go round.

Sir Cor. 'Tis a general Health, and leads the rest into the Field.

Mocko. Your Worship breaks Jest, as Serving-men do Glasses, by chance.

Fido. As I was drinking, I was thinking, trust me, how fortunate our kind Host was to meet with so Chast a Wife : Good *Sir Cornelius*, admit Heaven had her.

Sir Cor. Oh, good Sir, do not wound me ! Admit Heaven had her ! 'Las Sir, what shou'd Heaven do with her ?

Fido. Your love makes you passionate ; but admit so, what Wife would you chuse ?

Sir Cor. Were I to chuse then, as I would I were ; so this were in *Barbados*, I would wish Sir, a Wife so like my Lady, that once a Week she should go to Confession, and to perform the Penance she should run ; nay, do naught but dream on't till it was done.

Fido. There's a delicate *Memento*, to put her in mind of her Penance.

Polic. Now you talk of Dreams, Sweet-heart, I'll tell you a very unhappy one ; I was a-dream't last night of *Muchcraft*.

Sir Cor.

Sir Cor. Of *Muchcraft*.

Polic. Nay, I have done with him.

Mocko. Now you shall see the Devil out-done.

Sir *Isa.* Pray on with your Dream, 'twill be good diversion.

Polic. Bless me, I am e'ne ashamed Chick; but 'tis no matter, a Dream's a Dream, and thus it was; methought, Husband, *Muchcraft* lay with me:

Sir Cor. The best friend at home still, *Muchcraft*; Could the Devil, Sir, perform a Penance neater, and save his Credit better? On Wife, a Dream's a Dream I know.

Polic. Methought I prov'd with Child, Sweetheart.

Sir Cor. Ay, Bird.

Much. A pox of these Dreams.

Polic. Methought I was brought to bed; and one day sitting in the Gallery, who should come there to play at Foysls, but thee and *Muchcraft*.

Sir Cor. *Muchcraft* and I; do you mark that?

Fido. Ay; and wonder at her neat conveyance on't.

Polic. Playing, methought he hit you a blow on the Forehead; it swell'd so, thou could'st not see: at which the child cried.

Fido. Excellent Woman at a shift: but I'll have a trick for her.

[Exit.]

Polic. And my thought at last you came thinking to quiet it, and it cried the more; whereat pointing to you, away naughty Man, you are not this Childs Father.

Sir Cor. Meaning the Child *Muchcraft* got?

Polic. The same: And then I wak'd and kist you.

Sir *Isa.* A pretty Dream, and a merry one.

Enter *Fido*.

Fido. Sir, I am told there's one Father *Anthony*, a holy man, stays without to speak with you.

Sir Cor. With me, or my Lady.

Fido. Nay, with you, and a business of importance.

Sir Cor. I'll go send him in, and he shall interpret my Ladies dream.

[Exit.]

Polic. Husband, Sir *Cornelius*, stay a little.

Mocko. I smell Wormwood and Vinegar.

Fido. She changes colour, I must out again.

[Exit.]

Polic. He will not sure reveal Confession.

Sir *Isa.* We many times make modest mirth a necessity to produce a Ladies dream.

Much.

Much. Would I were in *France* ; how they shoot at us ?

Enter Innocentia disguis'd.

Innoc. I am a bold intruder to this house, and am come in Quest of one my Lord *Generous*.

Sir Isa. He will be here instantly : 'tis she, I can hardly forbear discovery ; but I will bridle till *Sir Cornelius* returns.

Enter Fido, Sir Cornelius like a Fryar.

Fido. Here's brave jugling ; this Fryar has confest, that you Lady in your last Confession owned, that *Muchcraft* had lain with you ; at which your Husband runs mad about the Garden.

Polic. Art mad ? deny it, I am undone else.

Mocko. Father *Tony*, what a Devil do you mean to do ?

Sir Cor. I confest it, I deny it ; I do any thing, I do every thing, I do nothing.

Sir Isa. The Fryars frantick, and so has wrong'd the Lady.

Polic. 'Tis my misfortune still to suffer Sir.

Sir Cor. Did you not see one slip out of a Cloak-bag, in the fashion of a Gammon of Bacon, and run under the Table among the Hogs ?

Fido. He's mad, he's mad.

Mocko. I, I, a Tyth-Pig was overlaid last night, and he spoke nonsense all the day after.

Polic. Shall I suffer this in my own house ?

Mocko. I'd scratch out his eyes first.

Sir Isa. Faith Madam, the best way is to disrobe this irregular Fryar, and lay him open to all the world : Tear off his holy Weeds.

Much. Now my frantick Brother, had you not better spar'd your breath ?

Polic. And do you keep counsel no better ? we'll ease you of your Orders.

Mocko. Nay, let me have a hand in't ; I'll tear with more zeal than a Puritan would a Sarplice.

Polic. See what it is to accuse when you'r mad ; I confest again to you, this man did lye with me.

Mocko. And I brought him to her Chamber.

Fido. A ha house ! this *Sir Cornelius* !

Sir Cor. How Dreams do fall out true, Wife ?

Polic. Oh, good Sir, I crave you pardon.

Sir Cor. What say you, *Muchcraft* ?

Much. You have run best Sir, vain 'tis to defend,
Craft sets forth swift, but still fails in the end.

Sir Cor.

Sir Cor. You brought him to her Chamber, Sir.

Mock. Oh Sir, I was meerly inveagld.

Much. Lust is still like a midnight Meal, after our violent drinkings :

'Tis swallow'd greedily; but the Course being kept,

We are sicker when we wake, than e're we slept.

Sir Cor. You shall to *Flanders* to a Monastery, and spend your days reclusive.

Polic. Your Doom is just; no Sentence can be given

Too hard for her, plays fast and loose with Heaven.

Sir Cor. I will busf thee, and bid fair weather after thee. But for you, Sirrah.

Mock. Sir, I brought but flest to flesh, and you do as much when you bring your Meat to your Mouth.

Sir Cor. You Sirrah, at a Carts Tail shall be whipt thorow the City: I am a Justice of Peace, and will see it done.

Mock. There's my dream out already; but since there's no remedy but the Whipping chear must close up my stomach: I will request a Note from your Hand to the Carman, to intreat him to drive apace, I shall never endure it else.

Sir Isa. 'Twas a fine Penance; but Oh the Art of Woman in the performance!

Sir Cor. 'Tis nothing, had she bin in her great Grannums place:

Had not the Devil first began the Sin,

And cheated her, she would have cheated him!

Sir Isa. Now if my *Innocentia* was but here to clear my grief, then all our Joys were compleat.

Innoc. Then here she stands spotless and innocent Heaven can testifie, and all good men cann't deny.

Fido. I'll add my Life and Sword to justifie she's a matchless piece of virtue, and so receive her.

Sir Isa. I am easily perswaded to't, for I have made a tryal on't my self, and found her all Excellence: Oh pardon me.

Innoc. I do; and pray Heaven may: And now,

Receive me just, both in my Life and Vow.

Sir Isa. Vice for a time may shine and Virtue sigh;

But truth like Heavens seen, plainly doest reveal,

And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal.

K

[Exit.

F I N I S.



The PROLOGUE.

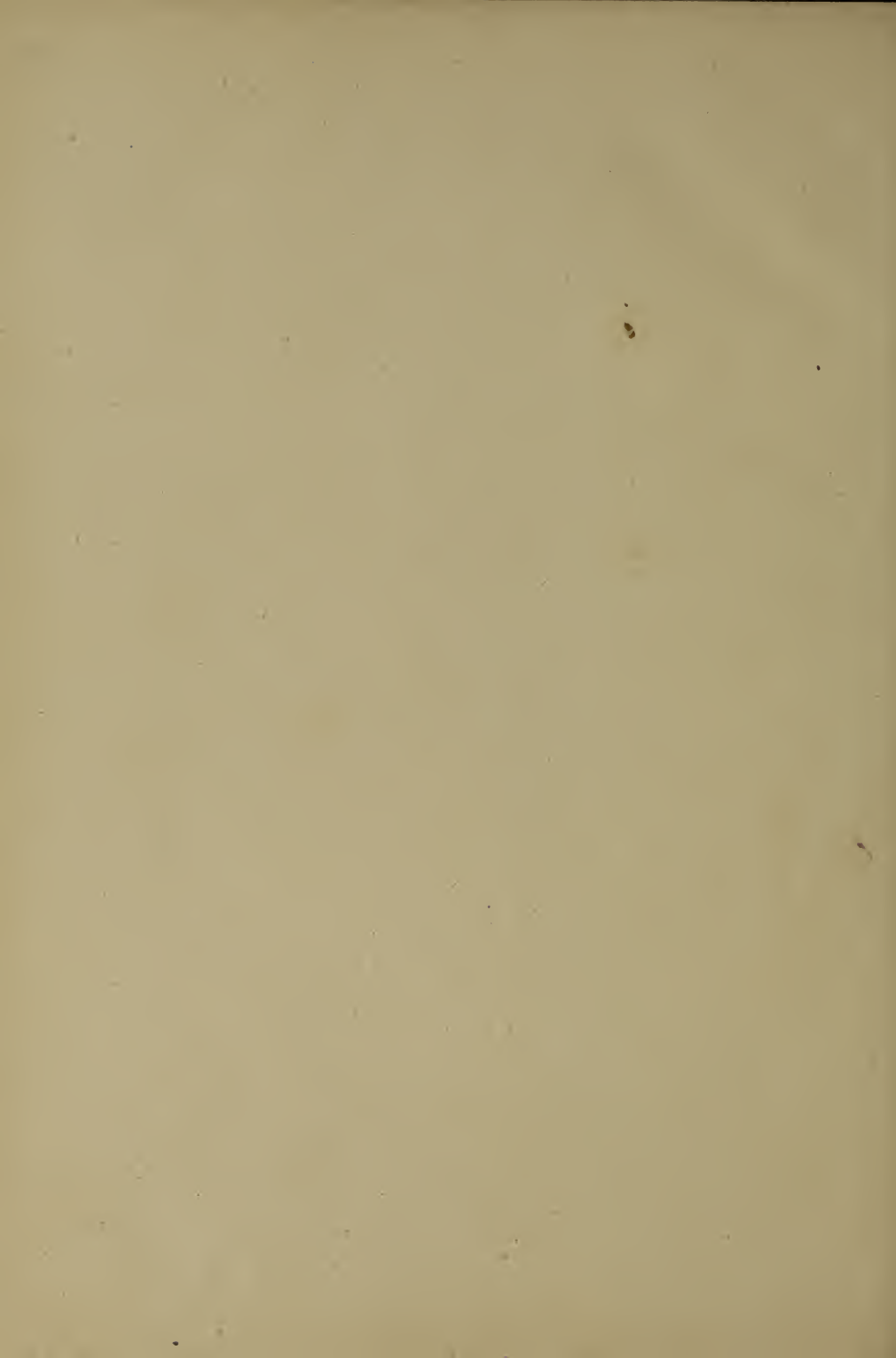
Just so a Crack, first vent'ring on the Sin,
Does with reluctancy and fear begin.
As we Gallants (when such as you are here)
Produce our homely Cate's plain countrey Chear.
But yet we scorn to do like some that write
Make use of Art, to raise your Appetite :
And make you think they have prepar'd a Feast ,
When 'tis but Husks and Element at best.
No ; we acknowledge we have nothing here
Worthy your least acceptance can appear.
Yet such as our poor Fate hath kept in store,
We freely give, and wish we could give more.
And as the Persian Monarch when distrest,
Sivore filthy Puddle-Water was the best
Pleasantest Drink he ever tasted : So,
Since ripe Town-Wit does not ith' Countrey grow
We humbly hope for once these Green Fruits may,
If not suffice, your Appetite allay ;
And be accepted of.
But if our Fate you otherwise decree,
We must submit without reluctancy.
And in our Ruin we shall still rejoyce,
That such as You, 'twas, gave the Casting Voice.

The EPILOGUE.

WELL, Gentlemen, you've heard my Dreadful Doom,
In a dull Nunnery I must now consume
My Blooming Youth ; and watch, and fast, and pray,
To take the Guilt of my past sins away.
But faith, Gallants, I le e'ne appeal to you,
'Tis dammably unjust, and cruel too :
Because I once oblig'd a Friend, or so ;
Must I to Eternal Penance therefore go ?
Must I, because I have to some been kind,
For ever be secluded from Mankind,
And those sweet dear delights we reap in Love,
And pine my self away ? --- Not I by Jove.
Thanks to my Stars, our Sex as yet is free,
Kind England grants us Christian Liberty ;
And some of you, no doubt, would be so good,
To pity and relieve poor Flesh and Blood :
Nay, 'tis but a just Tribute due to Beauty,
For you did first debauch us from our duty ;
You subtilly teach us first to go astray,
And, would ye, would ye, cast us then away ?
No Faith, I'm sure ye dare not -
For if you once begin to sham us so,
'Twould make us Wives, e'ne down-right honest grow ;
And then, alas, what would become of you ?
You'd find but little amorous work to do :
Then 'faith reverse my Sentence ; if you don't,
When e're you'd do the Feat, be sure we wont.







0107-

HEH
22/0



1939 Mac The third volume contains three ephemeral farces or "drolls" collected under the title *The Muse of New-Market*, and was printed in 1680. Amorous intrigue and the jealous husband are the chief themes, and all the plays are cut down from older and better ones. *The Merry Milkmaid of Islington* is modelled on *Tottenham Court* by Thomas Nabbes, first published in 1638. The second play is a coarsened prose version of Philip Massinger's *The Guardian*, 1633; and the last is a similar reduction based on Robert Davenport's *City Night Cap* of 1661. Such "drolls" became common after the closing of the theatres in 1642, when strolling players and showmen at fairs managed to evade the censor by presenting isolated scenes butchered to half their former length. Shakespeare's Falstaff, and the gravediggers' scene from *Hamlet*, were favorite productions. Gradually the term "droll" came to be a synonym for "puppet play," and it is more than likely that these short pieces were made for marionettes.

The Library already has one of the most famous printed collections of "drolls," entitled *The Wits, or, Sport upon Sport*, published by Francis Kirkman in 1673.

